KEEP OFF THE SKY! SEE PAGE 5

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1360.

JOHN BULL

Why Married Women Lose their Looks

WITH all the troubles of a home upon your shoulders, all the worries of making both ends meet, all the cares and anxieties of children, is it any wonder you find yourself getting run down, your looks beginning to go? Is it surprising that your nerves get "ragged"? It would be amazing if they didn't.

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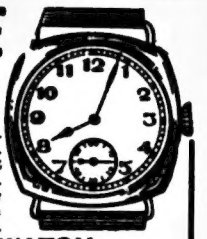

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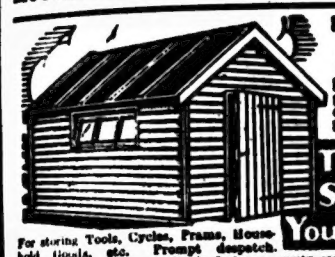

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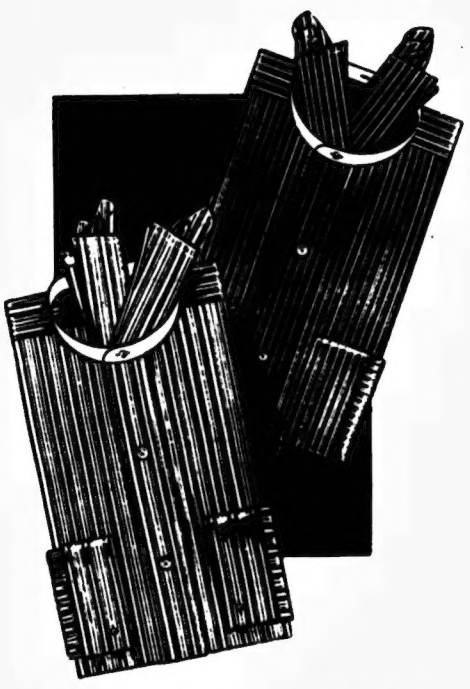

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The one message we'd flash upon the sky

THE House of Commons has a chance just now to do something really useful both for us and our posterity.

It can save the sky for us. It can warn off those who threaten to disfigure the heavens with wholesale sky advertising.

This battle for the sky has been going on for ome time. The great mass of the people have ot realised it was taking place or they would ave become vocal before now.

It started in earnest six months ago, when a Major Savage, who has played a prominent part n the development of spectacular aerial "stunts," nnounced that he had perfected an invention to rite signs on the sky.

Without Fear or Favour

He naturally wanted to commercialise his new stunt. In other words, to sell sky-space to the highest bidders.

Protests immediately arose from public-spirited people here and there who did not see why Major Savage should be allowed to disfigure the heavens, imply because he had thought out some inenious though misguided stunt.

A man who invents something that is benecial to humanity is entitled to look forward to ome reward.

We don't think Major Savage's invention fulls this condition at all. The world will go along uite as well without his writing on the sky.

It will not increase by one iota the welfare r happiness of humanity, though it may make ertain people richer.

Major Savage has, of course, his partisans. here are always people who will champion somehing that looks like a good business proposition. And so it happened that a Select Committee was set up by the House of Commons to report on the matter.

This committee has now finished its job and we must frankly say that we deplore its decision. It is unanimous in favour of sky-writing over towns with a population of 20,000 or over—that is to say, where its commercial value will be highest.

In rural areas (where sky-writing is not likely to prove so lucrative) the Select Committee prohibits it, with certain reservations.

NOW it is up to the House of Commons to stop this nonsense once and for all, whether over towns of 20,000, rural areas (whatever they may be), or anywhere else.

If it doesn't, not much imagination is required to picture what will be the result in a few years' time.

We shall have sky-signs shrieking down at us, at all hours of the day and night, to "Drink So-and-So's Pale Ale," "Get rid of that Disfiguring Hair . . . ," "Try So-and-So's Five-second Headache Cure . . . ," and so on.

There will not even be the novelty of watching an airman trail out signs in the sky as has already been done in a limited way.

No. Major Savage has gone one better. If his invention had full rein it would make the sky one huge advertising hoarding by means of an apparatus which projects words on the clouds from the earth, by day or night.

In fact, it is a sort of glorified magic lantern, with slides, and the clouds as a screen.

We hope and trust that all public bodies who are fighting to preserve the amenities of our country will contest every inch of the way to prevent this desecration of the sky.

Man does not live by bread alone. There is no doubt that natural beauties have a profound, if unconscious effect. on his existence. A beautiful valley, a cloud-capped mountain, a silvery winding stream, a fine wide prospect like the Kentish Weald—all these are treasures of inestimable value to the soul.

A man need not be a poet to glance at a majestic array of cumulus clouds in a blue sky when he goes out in the morning, and feel the better in spirit for so doing.

If he sees those same clouds disfigured by the genius of Major Savage, we think he is much more likely to be nauseated than uplifted.

But apart from the psychological effect, are Major Savage and his supporters sure that their magic lantern show will prove the money spinner that they hope?

To begin with, it might have the success of novelty, but when that has worn, then the chances are that only a minority of people will think it worth while to get a crick in the neck in order to sky-gaze at Major Savage's sky-signs.

STILL, that is his affair. Ours is to see that there shall never be any possibility of every-man's sky being put to a hideous use for the pecuniary benefit of the few. For this is what it amounts to. If you have the money you can buy the sky—or a portion of it. If you haven't, you can't.

It has been said that it is unfair to deprive Major Savage of the pecuniary rewards for his wonderful invention. But there are inventions and inventions. Suppose a man invented a way for making all grass grow black, instead of green —would he deserve a reward?

Suppose a man invented a siren that could deafen the ears of everyone within a radius of three hundred miles of London—would he expect a grateful nation to show its appreciation with bags of money?

No. We are right off the gold standard for inventions of this type!

Many of us have no chance of owning any of the earth, but the sky—so far—is ours. We must see that it remains so.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER...

The Men of Ottawa Must Not Let Us Down!

SO we are all going to Ottawa with an "open mind," says Jimmy Thomas.

Let's hope it doesn't mean an empty mind.

We are still banking on Ottawa, whatever happens at Lausanne. We can swallow the Lausanne medicine with a certain amount of philosophy born of thirteen years' experience.

But we must not be asked to swallow a dose of failure at Ottawa.

Can't blame France

In any case they won't be able to blame France this time.

Ottawa is a Home and Empire affair. If we can succeed in putting our own house in order, we shall make the other nations sit up and take notice.

Jimmy Thomas's mottowa for Ottawa seems to be: "We don't know where we're going, but when we get there we'll be glad." Let's hope so.

Open the windows

As well as "open minds," let's have open windows.

Those of the House of Lords were opened a few days ago for the first time in eight years, after Lord Linlithgow had asked for better ventilation. Gold-encrusted lungs and lungs that owe their nobility to ancestry took unaccustomed draughts of fresh air.

What an object lesson! For Parliament, for Lausanne, for the world, and especially for Ottawa.

Open the windows of Empire and let the fresh air blow away the stuffy and antiquated ideas—fresh air, not hot air!

And now read A. G. Gardiner on page 11.

Change of mind

The most surprising man in politics at the moment is, not Mr. Lloyd George, but Mr. Baldwin.

He is dismaying his followers by making strong Free Trade speeches. Tariffs and quotas he describes as a curse to the world and the chief cause of the strangulation of trade.

Yet he was one of the leading architects in the Government's tariff system!

Too grand opera

M.P.s of all Parties, we are glad to see, are still deploring that grand opera is subsidised by the State when drastic economies are being made in other directions.

The subsidy, granted by Lord Snowden, is safeguarded by an agreement. But the Government will be urged to find a way of getting out of the agreement. We hope it succeeds.

Pruning knife

Official pride has had a fall. Government servants who now draw first-class railway fares when they go travelling will soon have to be content with "thirds."

And the Treasury is to keep a closer watch on expenses. Vouchers will be issued for each journey instead of an official being allowed to draw the cash.

Yes, and there are plenty of other official privileges which should have been pruned—or axed—years ago.

A coming fight

The future of India is now being moulded. This month the Premier will announce the Government's settlement of the communal problem, which India has tried to settle herself and failed.

Then, next year, will come the Parliamentary Bill to give Home Rule to that troubled country. Mr. Churchill will fight it tooth and nail.

Though the Government will be supported by the Opposition, it is bound to have a lively time in defeating Mr. Churchill and his Tory friends.

Belated B.B.C.

The B.B.C. is too often behind the times. Here's one reason:

The Programme Department is strangled by "system." Educational programmes are arranged months ahead.

We Want More Merrivales

Child Victims of Kill-Joys

"Open the windows of Empire, Mr. Thomas, and let the fresh air in!"

Most of the talks, in fact, have already been planned until April, 1933!

What listeners want

This talks system is wrong. What the public wants is to be interested.

And it would be interested if talks were spontaneous, prompted by what is actually happening in the world.

Even the brilliant young men of the B.B.C. cannot foretell what is going to happen in April next year. They shouldn't try.

Britain booms

The War Loan Conversion scheme has sent Britain's prestige soaring all over the world.

Its success is already assured. It is bold and simple. No other country in the world could have launched it without anxiety.

But one word of warning. Don't be over-optimistic. It won't mean an early reduction in taxation.

No saving yet

The vast saving which will result will not come into the next Budget, but into that for 1934.

Actually, the cost of War Loan will be greater this year than ever. You see, a bonus is to be paid to those holders who accept the Conversion terms at once.

But the scheme is a magnificent one and should be supported by the public. And the country owes its thanks to Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Snowden who have made this, the greatest financial operation in history, possible—and certain of success.

Sack them all—

Abolish all referees, linesmen, touch judges—all officials who are supposed to lay down the rules of sport and see that they are observed.

Just for a month. That would do the trick.

The public is getting tired of disputed decisions, sick of the incredible rudeness of tennis players who deliberately hit into the net and so insult both their opponents and the umpire, "fed up" with footballers who want two referees instead of one.

—Then re-appoint them

Four weeks of reversion to the law of the tomahawk would be very healthy both for the players and the spectators of British sport.

In the fifth week all those who were left alive would be glad to "play to the whistle."

And that is what is needed.

More the merrier

Was it cause and effect?

On the first day of the Napier will suit Lord Merrivale, the judge, interrupted the cross-examination with the dry observation, "I don't know how much this case is costing per hour."

Next morning a settlement was announced.

A few more Lord Merrivales might help to speed up law considerably, though there might be "moaning at the bar."

Waste

The ugliest buildings overlooking Hyde Park, London, are the Knightsbridge barracks. For years they have been practically derelict, with barely a soldier in them.

Now they are being reconditioned at heavy expense to accommodate the Household Cavalry. This is just idiotic waste, and the matter should be raised in Parliament.

Submarine menace

"Two hundred people saved by submarine," shouted the newspaper bills the other day.

True, but if H.M.S. *Rainbow*, the submarine, had not rammed a pleasure boat in Weymouth Bay the passengers would not have needed saving. And the *Rainbow* itself was holed only last January.

Now, at the Disarmament Conference, Britain's plea for the abolition of these undersea monsters has once more been refused. Let's hope wiser counsels will soon prevail.

The swing sin

It is very wicked for a child to swing on a Sunday.

It must be so because the Ealing Town Council has all the children's swings and chutes in the parks locked up from Saturday night until Monday morning. And the public tennis courts and bowling greens are compulsorily empty.

Yet councillors play their Sunday golf.

But what's sauce for them, isn't for the babies!

Too breezy

A curate at Oxford was fined 10s. for motor-cycling with his hands behind his back. He said he was doing it because it was cold and the wind was blowing up his sleeves.

That is all very well, but he should not put the wind up other people, except when he is in the pulpit.

He was lucky to get away minus only 10s.

Beaks and beaux

If you go to Bournemouth, be careful to take a top-hat, frock-coat, stiff collar and a boiled shirt. Especially in the summer.

A witness in a police-court case there has been reproved by the Bench for appearing in a cricket shirt and flannel trousers.

Yet when the chairman of Reading magistrates presided over his court in an open-necked shirt nobody rebuked him.

Vicious

We have often disagreed with the decisions of Mr. Mead, the veteran London magistrate. But on one matter we think alike.

He says that a youth who was sent to an industrial school at the age of eight was the victim of "the grossest injustice that can be perpetrated."

That children of such a tender age should be sent to associate with criminal youths is a scandal that calls for official enquiry.

The best givers

A Sheffield woman, who wants to remain anonymous, has sacrificed her annual holiday to make a third donation of £5 to the Royal Hospital there.

Yes, the best givers are those who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." But they deserve fame.

When in doubt—

Learn a lesson from the drab tragedy of the elderly gardener of Fulham who committed suicide because he thought his wife was "going with somebody else."

She was doing nothing of the sort, and the coroner said her unhappy husband's suspicions were "quite illusory."

Most suspicions are illusory. The world, on the whole, is a pretty good place peopled by pretty good men and women.

The oftener that is remembered the fewer will be deaths from doubt.

A shabby trickster

Congratulations to the Margate police on catching George Baynes, of Newington Butts, and getting him two months' hard labour. He swindled shop girls out of shillings on a bogus claim that he was collecting for crippled children.

It is this sort of mean scoundrel who injures deserving charities.

Another person we should like to catch is the one who has been sending taxi-cabs, an ambulance, an undertaker and a wreath to the home of an eighty-year-old couple at Swansea.

A cell is the place for the fool who does things like this.

Gunmen encouraged

Judges are heeding our demand for stiffer sentences on gunmen. Magistrates should do the same.

Yet one of them in London the other day sent to prison for a mere six months a man, charged with stealing a motor-car, who had a loaded revolver in his hand at the time of the robbery and a syringe pistol for shooting ammonia was found at his lodgings.

This is just playing with gunpowder.

The public pays

Local authorities are the trustees of the money they raise in rates, not the owners. Some of them seem to forget this.

Blackpool Council, for instance, should think hard before it accepts liability for the Blackpool Football Club's £17,000 overdraft.

When councillors considered the matter, voting was equal, so it is to be brought up again. We hope it will be defeated next time. Sport must pay its own way.

Good business!

For every shilling telegram sent by the public during the year 1930-31 the State contributed a subsidy of 2½d.

A holiday-maker in Sussex tried to put through telephone calls to London and was told by the operator to go and find twenty-eight pennies to put in the slot.

How the people who are being sacked in the name of economy must enjoy such merry jests as these!

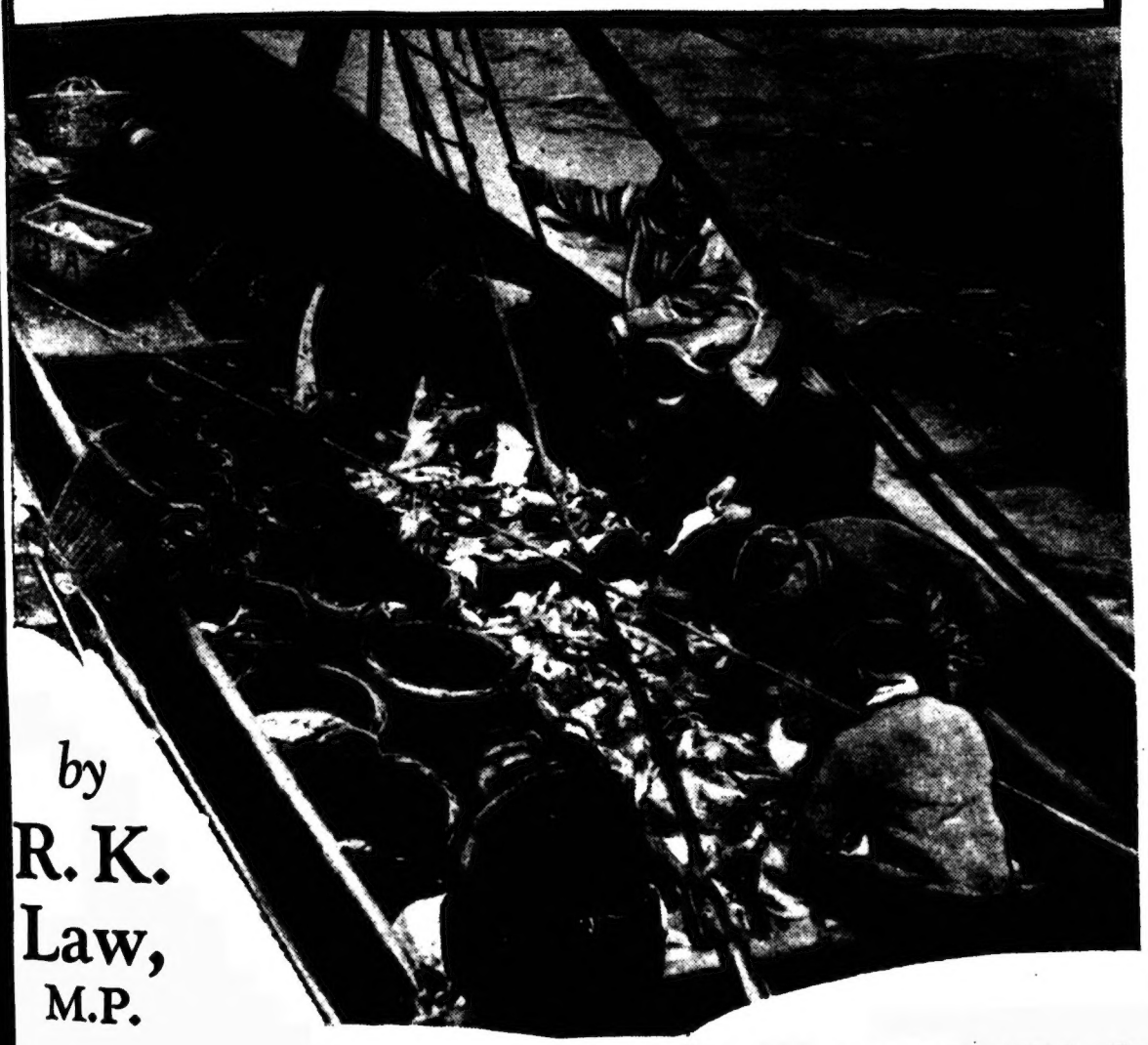
We warned them

A fortnight ago we demanded the reinstatement of the Coventry teacher who, because she is a Quaker, declined to take part in Empire Day celebrations and was dismissed.

The Bishop of Birmingham joined us in this demand and was publicly rebuked by the Mayor of Coventry. But the City Council is to consider her reinstatement none the less.

BONAR LAW'S SON *Tells*

Why I Fight FOR THE FISHERMEN



by
R. K. Law, M.P.

"They possess exceptional qualities . . . : it takes a fine man to stand the life"

I HAVE always been interested in the sea and in the men who go down to the sea in ships—above all, in the fishermen, the toilers of the deep. That is why, in fact, I decided as a Parliamentary candidate to stand for South-West Hull.

My job as M.P. for this great fishing ntre has helped me to understand better than ever did the fisherman and his calling, and it as made my admiration for him even greater han it was.

I mean for the real fishermen—the men who ally risk their lives to catch us our deep-sea food.

There are still many people who, when fisher- en are mentioned, immediately draw for them- lves mental pictures of rosy-cheeked men in lue jerseys, pushing off boats from the pier at righton, with the sun shining brightly on a lm, blue sea broken up by white-crested waves.

Theirs must be a pleasant life, people think, nd no doubt it is compared with the lives of the shermen I have in mind.

Few of us realise how extensive our fishing dustry is. There are roughly 34,000 fishermen England and Wales and the Isle of Man, and out three hundred first-class steam vessels be- nging to Hull alone. In 1930 the catches landed ere exceeded all previous records. They totalled 191,000 tons and were valued at £2,728,000.

What of the lives of the men who make these huge hauls possible? The coal miners, who daily carry their lives in their hands, are frequently quoted as an example of men whose occupation is one long peril. This is true, of course, but there is no doubt that the lives the fishermen lead are every bit as heroic and dangerous.

We go into a shop to purchase our fish, and our first concern is its freshness and our second its price, which we often think excessive, though the man who actually catches it receives little benefit from inflated prices.

But I wonder how many of us ever pause to think of those British fishermen who travel thousands of miles from home, in all kinds of weather, from the coasts of Africa to the Arctic, from Greenland to Siberia.

WE in London—in the House of Commons dining-room, for instance—may enjoy a sole which has been caught by the Hull Boxing Fleet.

This fleet, consisting of some sixty or seventy vessels, roams up and down the North Sea, never putting into port at all. Each of the vessels goes in to refit once in three months—that is all.

This fleet, composed entirely of British fishermen of the finest type, has its own "Admiral." Once I heard him say that out of thirty years of his life at sea, twenty-five had been spent on the same spot, the bridge on which we were talking.

Every day a steamer known as the *Cutter* goes out to the fleet, collects the catch and hastens back full steam ahead, so that the fish can be transported as soon as possible to Billingsgate Market, London.

A large number of these men are married, and only able to see their wives once every three months.

If they are a fine lot, their wives are just as fine. You will always find them cheerful under these most trying circumstances. Their homes are spick and span, they are always waiting eagerly for the return of their men on their only and all-too-short leave.

It does not need much imagination for us to picture what these wives go through when heavy gales are raging.

The sea takes a heavy toll of life and limb among the fishermen. In 1930 ninety of them lost their lives through some mishap or other, and there were many minor casualties. And in one recent year no fewer than sixty-six fishing vessels were lost.

No, I do not think that in the whole of Britain we could find a more faithful body of women than the wives of these fishermen. Nor a braver body of women.

Modern inventions, such as wireless and the introduction of direction-finders, have materially helped to make the fishermen's lives safer, just as steam gear has made the purely physical work easier. And it is really hard work. There are no trade union hours for fishermen, for the simple reason the fish will not keep them.

Generally speaking, in these days both the food and the accommodation are good in contrast to the horrors which had to be endured some years ago. And as a rule, in addition to his wages, every member of the crew has a share in the profits of the voyage.

There are few complaints and little grumbling from the men. They are a thoroughly decent lot, possessing quite exceptional qualities. If they were not I don't think you would ever find them at sea. It takes a fine man to stand the life.

One curious thing about fishermen is the extraordinary way in which they are localised.

You do not find men from one port catching the same fish as those from another, nor do they seem capable of adapting themselves to the different conditions. Those in the Atlantic do one sort of fishing and those in the North Sea another.

ONE thing they have in common is that they all face danger in their daily work, in a greater or lesser degree.

It is certainly great when they are fishing far north in the Arctic regions. Huge steel trawlers constantly steam back into port with great dents in their sides where the ice has pressed into them. Sometimes a ship is caught in the ice, crushed and never heard of again.

That I am glad to say is not nowadays a common occurrence, but it is an indication of some of the risks these brave men have to run.

At Bear Island, south of Spitzbergen, a prolific fishing ground, the men have not only to contend with bitter cold and piercing Arctic winds, but for weeks at a stretch they have to work in total darkness.

Imagine day and night alike, blackness above, icy water beneath. Yet you never hear them complain.

One of the best fishing grounds at one time was where the Battle of Jutland took place, but it is impossible to fish there now. Submerged wrecks would damage the gear irreparably, and floating mines are still a danger even fourteen years after the war, though fortunately they are becoming rare.

The Barents Sea, Bear Island, the coast of Iceland and the Faroe Islands and parts of the North Sea are grounds that have improved, but the Norwegian coast, the coast of the west of Scotland and the Irish Sea have declined in value to the fisherman.

It seems that the areas where the most hardship has to be endured have become the best commercially. But this does not daunt our brave fishermen. They go where the fish are, regardless of the peril to their own lives.

So the next time we eat fish in the comfort of our dining-rooms let us remember the gallant men who go down to the sea in ships to catch it.

And let us give a further thought, too, for the plucky women who sit at home and wait.

The EPIC STORY

Early days of the great struggle—examining a model of the "Egypt" for the locality of the bullion room

THE Bay of Biscay has fought and lost—at last.

All through Time she has satisfied her savage appetite for human life and treasure at will, until her name has become the terror of the Seven Seas.

And now Italian divers are wresting back from her more than a million pounds of her ill-gotten gains.

She has fought against them as she has never fought before. For nine years she has used every trick, ruse and torture of which she is capable.

She swallowed up the two ships that found where her treasure lay hidden, and with them the lives of fourteen brave men. She thought that would be final. And when the work still went on she tried storm and hurricane and traitorous calm in turn.

The Mighty Mocker

She set snaky shapes dancing round the divers who were working in the twilight four hundred feet deep. She let them see what those shapes were by surrendering valueless articles covered with slimy globules—octopus eggs! If that wouldn't frighten them away, what would?

She spun the divers on their cables until their brains were numb, their faces grass-green. She tugged them like terriers on a lead, flung them at the side of the ship that sent them down, swirled them away in hidden currents, shoved them into hidden drops into the unknown seventy fathoms deep.

She mocked them by sending them up with one well-worn English shilling as the reward of two years' work and making them work a whole year for more.

Then she jeered again by surrendering from her depths one loaded Mauser automatic.

And when the bullion room in which the gold was hidden was laid bare, she showed them rolls of sodden silk only, and deceived them into thinking through three torturing nights that there was no gold there, after all, that all their years of self-inflicted slavery and heart-break had been in vain.

She gave them bottle-green twilight until the treasure was within their grasp, and then, when they thought it was within reach, sent darkness that cut off their work for months at a time.

When they tried to use light, she flung it back in their faces to blind them and make them realise that darkness was preferable.

She had one trick more cunning, more fiendishly diabolical, than all these.

The treasure they sought lay in the bullion room of the British mail liner *Egypt*, lost with eighty passengers and twenty-two of the crew off L'Orient, the French seaport on the Bay of Biscay, after a collision with a French steamer in 1922.

The bullion room was right at the bottom of the grand staircase, five decks down, and when the divers first groped down to the slimy decks the first thing they found was not the bottom but the top of that golden staircase.

What a supreme mockery! What a jesting invitation to certain death!

Jewelled and chattering women and sleek men had tripped down those stairs in less than a minute. But for divers it was not to be such easy going.

Fifteen steps down, just below the first turn in the stairs, was the most cunning trap into which man had ever been invited. No diver who ventured beneath it could have been hauled back to safety.

The bend itself would have exerted a scissor grip on his cable, and he could never have been pulled up to the surface again.

Man's Triumph

The alternative to a walk downstairs was the spending of £50,000 in blasting the ship away deck by deck—the boat deck, the hurricane deck, the spar deck, and the main deck in turn—until this ten-thousand-ton liner was actually cut in half.

Only in this way did the divers succeed in reaching the treasure at the bottom of the stairs.

One faulty explosion from the more than thirty tons of the deadly explosive they used—the deadliest known to man—might have dispersed the contents of the bullion room and allowed the Bay of Biscay to win again in the end.

But this time, at last, it was man who won. From the very beginning it seemed impossible that he ever would, even to the experts.

Impossible because when the *Egypt* plunged down 400 feet to disaster with her £1,058,979 cargo of gold bars, silver bars and sovereigns no diver had ever reached within a hundred feet of that depth before.

So no one was surprised when a French syndicate tried to salve the bullion in 1923 and failed after many months of perilous work, nor when a Swedish syndicate made another attempt in 1926 with no fewer hazards and no greater luck. They secured scrapings of paint that might have belonged to the *Egypt* and might not—but the maritime world was not convinced.

Then early in 1929 a small Italian salvage concern, the Sorima Company, owners of three small salvage boats only, began the attempt that was to defeat the Bay of Biscay—at a heavy price.

They sent the *Artiglio* and the *Raffio* to the spot, the former with twenty-one of the finest diving experts in Italy. In little more than a year both ships had sunk, and fourteen of the twenty-one divers were dead.

Theirs was the more heartbreaking part of the quest. For more than a year they searched for the wreck in vain.

Lashed and beaten by swirling currents on the jagged bed of the sea, they would see dim shadows rising ahead and shout the news exultantly up their telephones, only to find, times without number, that what they thought was the *Egypt* was some grim cavern, or mound or cairn that was packed with terrors only deep-sea divers have ever faced.

False Hopes

Then on July 8, 1930, they did find a ship. The crews of the salvage boats cheered themselves hoarse, worked in high fever for two whole days, and the divers took unprecedented risks, believing the great hour had come.

But, alas, it had not. The vessel proved to be the *Demetrios Inglessis*, a Greek steamer of little value lost in 1916.

And so the exploration of this awful submarine mortuary went on.

Very soon the Bay of Biscay was to mock them in earnest. One of their buoys broke away from its anchorage. They searched for it and found it, and pulled it back from the new anchorage it had found for itself.

When at last they came across the *Egypt* they realised how ironical Fate can be. The obstruction that had held the buoy had been the *Egypt* itself.

And now, with Signor Gianni, Italy's greatest diver, designing his own apparatus as he went, and his right-hand men, Franceschi and Bargelini, helping him to thrill the world with diving feats never attempted before, they began their salvage work in earnest, always believing that the recovery of the gold was only a few weeks distant.

And it seemed at first as if they were going to do it.

It was on a day in September, 1930, that they first reached the liner, and swung within a few feet of the top of that grand staircase that was as tempting as deadly nightshade.

Within twenty-four hours they had become denizens of this new world

"New diving shells, cylinders of steel, armless and legless, so that the divers could do nothing but direct . . ." Lowering a diver into the depths from the "Artiglio"

where the eyes could only see five feet ahead, and the bottle-green light came down in streaks as if from some gigantic cathedral window—a world of slimy funnels and davits and strangely silent decks.

Within three days explosives were fixed in long steel fingers and lowered from the salvage ship. The divers went down to watch them groping at the lost ship, and shouted directions that enabled the fingers to release the charges just where they were wanted.

On the fourth day the *Egypt's* main crane, part of many tons of upper structure released by the explosions, was brought up. Then came the deck house, and then the captain's safe, snatched from his private room.

The Darkness Comes

Whitehall laughed over the Foreign Office mail recovered from the liner, including letters from the late Lord Curzon (then Foreign Minister) urging those speedy replies from diplomats for which he was notorious. But, while Whitehall laughed, the faces of the divers became strained and anxious.

A strange darkness was falling over the sea-bed, the darkness of winter. The divers found themselves drifting into jagged teeth of metal where the explosives had been at work, and failing to see them when they were only a foot away.

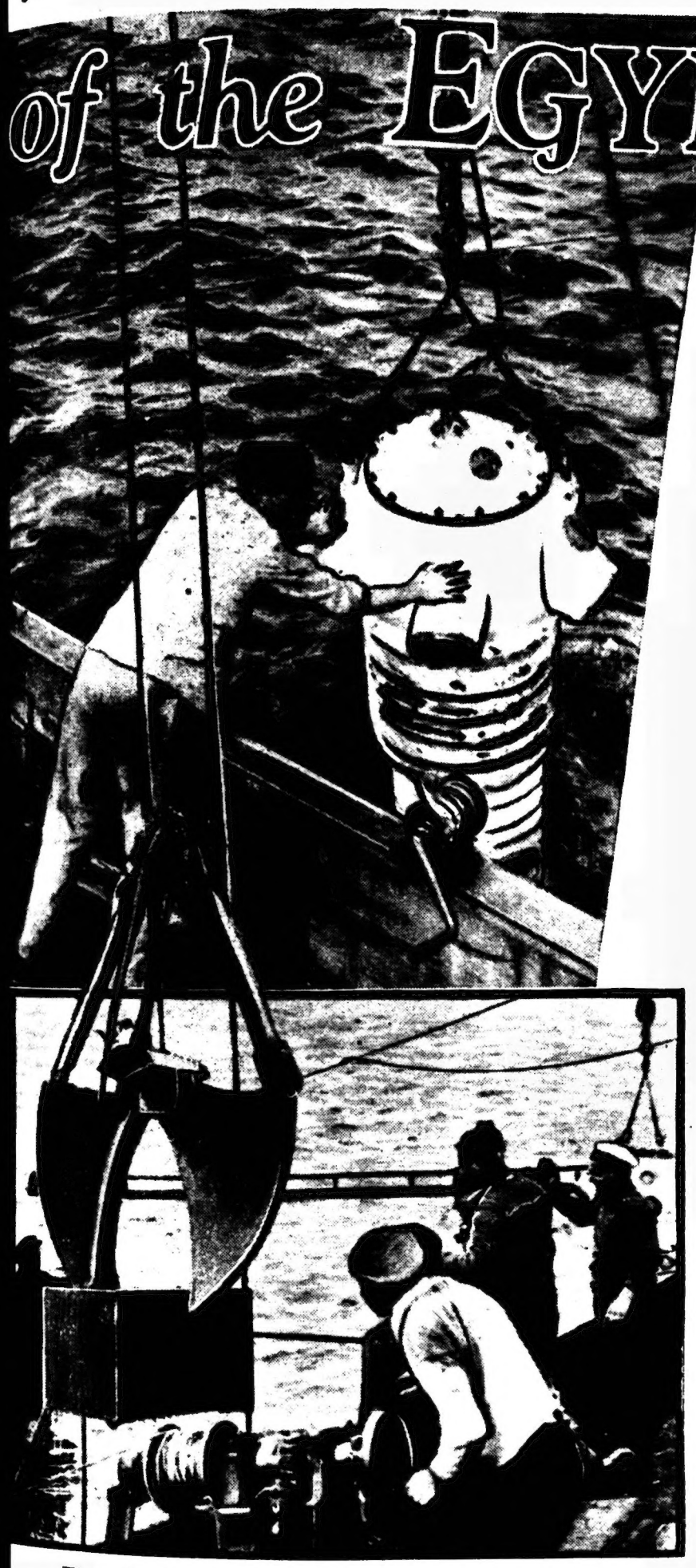
More explosives came down in the long steel fingers, but the divers could not direct the placing of them. Grabs came down to tear the *Egypt* up piecemeal, but no one could get near

of the EGYPT'S GOLD

TOLD *in* FULL

for the FIRST TIME

by MAURICE FAGENCE



First fruits of victory—the claws of the giant grab retrieve the captain's safe from the sunken "Egypt"

enough to give the orders that would enable them to get a grip.

And so these fearless men had to sail to port for the winter, wondering what job they could tackle that would bring in money to pay for the renewal of the attempt next year.

Then the Bay of Biscay struck—and struck hard.

Less than thirty miles away from the *Egypt* lay the wreck of the Italian cargo boat *Florence*, in fairly shallow water. Her cargo had been munitions, and as she had blown up it was reasonable to suppose that there was none of it left. She was by no means a salvage "plum," but she would provide the *Artiglio's* winter keep. So she went to the spot.

One day, when the charges had been fixed into position in exactly the same way as with the *Egypt*, Bargelini, who had found the *Egypt*, came up to say that they could be fired.

Gianni stood on the salvage boat with two loose ends of wire in his hands. He had only to bring them together to fire the cartridges on the wreck below.

If he had known that 200 tons of the lost ship's ammunition was still unexploded, and lay within a few feet of the charges he was to fire, he would have fled from those wires in terror. Not knowing, he brought them together.

Eye-witnesses on another boat saw a gigantic black cloud, felt a wave that tossed them up like a cork, and were half-deafened a second later by the roar that reached them.

When the cloud cleared, the *Artiglio* had disappeared. Seven heads bobbed in the water—seven survivors only out of her crew of twenty-one.

And still the Bay of Biscay was to strike again.

The little *Raffio*, which had been helping the *Artiglio* throughout the summer, had gone to another part of the dreaded bay to do a winter job. Just as her grab was pulling sheets of copper out of the depths she capsized and sank.

It seemed to be the end . . . except that divers are not so easily beaten as all that.

Gianni, Franceschi, Bargelini, the flower of Italy's divers, had gone. But Gianni had been a wonderful teacher, and his pupils came forward to finish the work he had begun; Mario Raffaeilli, his best pupil, to take charge, Mancini, Sodini and Lenci to share the diving with him.

And the French tug *Mauritanic*, bought at a moment's notice, became *Artiglio II.*

Battle-grip

All through 1931 the weather was steadily hostile. It would have tested Gianni. But the new divers were not going to let it beat them.

It might have been that they made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in experience. It may have been that they thought the loss of their comrades called them to greater efforts. But the fact remains that they staggered the maritime world just as their predecessors had done.

New diving shells had arrived for them, cylinders of steel fitted with five panes of glass at the height of their heads, armless and legless so that the divers inside could do nothing but direct the operations of the winchmen above.

They had brought shells with arms, but in the fierce undercurrents four hundred feet deep the arms acted as rudders, and slewed them round so that they could not look at their job.

They would go down for five hours on end. Once they stayed down for two five-hour spells, with only ten minutes between. Sometimes, when the treasure seemed very near, they pleaded with their captain for a few more minutes below while he was hauling them to the surface.

They would not wait for the water to clear after each explosion. They would go down again while the *Egypt* was still lost in a mist of mud and dead fish and queer fragments released from the wreck.

Often they were lost down below, for when the currents were very strong they would drift a hundred yards or more away from the point at which the grabs, being far heavier, descended on the *Egypt*.

Every day was now exciting as bit by bit the *Egypt* was blown to pieces. Captain's room, music room, grand staircase and first-class saloon came up in turn. Each pull heeled the *Artiglio* over to an alarming angle. Each explosion shook her to the core.

No fewer than 250 tons of solid steel was plucked from the *Egypt* in a matter of a few weeks, not blindly, but all under the direction of the divers working four hundred feet below.

In October the news came up by telephone that the roof of the bullion room was exposed at last. Could it be opened before winter came again?

In the Talons . . .

Any explosives had to be used on it carefully, in case the precious gold was scattered in the sea. So the divers made a wooden frame that was an exact replica of the bullion room roof, with a cartridge wherever the roof had a bolt.

They fired their charges, and, when the mud cleared, found that the steel had lifted at one corner, like a sardine-tin lid. They seized the corner with their grabs and tugged to a point of desperation. Five tons pull, ten, fifteen, twenty—they daren't do more in case the *Artiglio* turned turtle.

On November 1 they thought they would give it a final tug, just to see; although it was almost certain that it had become too late in the year to recover the treasure. Something gave. The grab lifted high into the air holding a massive steel plate that they recognised at once as the bullion room roof.

They went down again to peer into the room, but the darkness was so complete that they could see nothing but darkness patched with greater darkness where the hole had been made. They tried again the next day, but could not even find the *Egypt*.

And so they had to wait another year—cheated again by the Bay of Biscay, thinking all through the winter of that million pounds and more that was waiting with the lid off.

Victory!

A few weeks ago they went out again and delved into the bullion room with their grabs and picked up silks, and rifles, and things that did not matter.

Then two bars of pure gold slid out of the jaws of the grab. . . . Nine years of patience and effort and tragedy had at last been rewarded.

Now the treasure hunters have deposited more than £180,000 worth of gold in the London vaults, where it will be stored. And soon they will bring the rest—for only the mechanical operation of grabbing remains.

But this greatest diving and salvage feat of all time means more than that. The experience gained by it will be worth far more to the world than the gold recovered.

It will bring millions more within reach of man's hands.

And better even than that—it has advanced the day when, if submarine accidents occur, divers will have a far greater chance than ever before of snatching their crews from the jaws of death.

YOU'RE JUST Big-Money BUNK

MY DEAR ZUKAUSKAS,—So you are heavy-weight Champion of the World?

It doesn't mean much. It will result in your drawing money from the films, and it will send up your price in vaudeville. Otherwise, the title only means that, after you and a German hit each other for three-quarters of an hour, one of the judges said that Schmeling had won, another judge disagreed with him, and then Gunboat Smith, the referee, agreed with the one who agreed with you.

Afterwards, a great many of the 72,000 spectators agreed with the judge who had not agreed with the judge who agreed with you, and so you became the so-called heavy-weight Champion of the World, ready to go on the "pictures" and to sign articles which you will not write.

Immediately Gene Tunney said that Schmeling beat you and that he chased you all round the ring.

But then, as, when Tunney met Dempsey last, he was declared World's Champion, although experts said that, halfway through, he had been down for more than ten seconds—well, it seems to me that, nowadays, the whole business of world's championship is just a lot of bunk.

It means nothing in courage, or chivalry, or manly perfection, anyway. It only cashes in, in Hollywood, where nothing matters except the bunk.

• • •

When the war broke out, you would have thought, if the gospel of pugilism were true and that ringcraft and punch power meant perfect manhood, that all the boxers of the world would rush into the front line, to save their weaker brethren, and, indeed, fight with such courage and heroism that the war would have stopped in half an hour.

But, no! Apart from the fact that, in the Great War, boxers made no better soldiers than anybody else, so few of them took the trouble to rush into the fray that Carpentier became a minor world's hero because he did.

Jack Dempsey, when World's Champion, was treated with contempt by the people of his own country because, instead of fighting he had made ships, either because it was more profitable or because it was more safe.

In this country, all the Rugby players enlisted as one man. Professional cricketers and jockeys did not show up so well. Boxers, as seen in the glare of their over-boosted prowess, showed up worst of all.

• • •

One world-famous boxer was rejected, at first, because he had flat feet! He was good enough to earn £5,000 in an hour, for being a perfect specimen of manhood. But when it came to a test which hundreds of thousands of city clerks could pass, and did, they suddenly discovered that, great fighter though he was, he could not march!

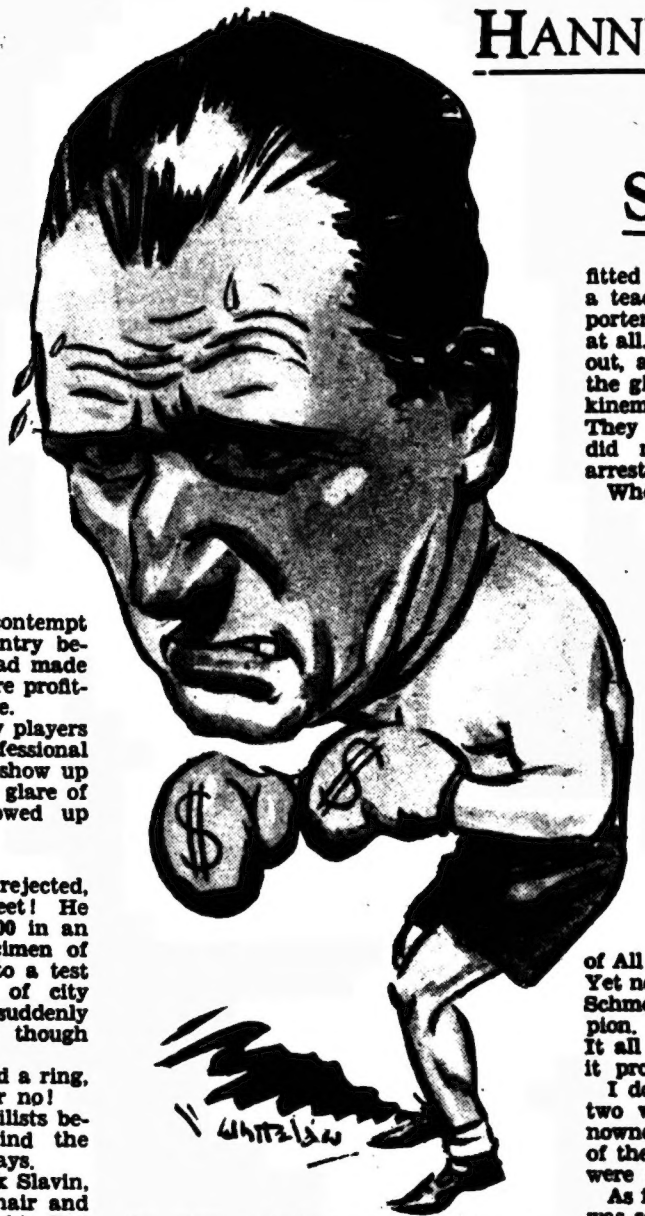
He could run round and round a ring, but do a route march—oh, dear no!

Other great hefty, beefy, pugilists became athletic instructors behind the lines or they gave boxing displays.

Certainly it is true that Frank Slavin, veteran of veterans, dyed his hair and came home from Canada in khaki. But he was an exception. Indeed, Gene Tunney, by being a marine somewhere at Dieppe, achieved comparative glory.

To my mind, the whole business of world's championships is just Big-Money Bunk. There is nearly always an argument, after every fight, as to whether the wrong man won or not, which means that, in the opinion of many people, the champion is seldom the champion, after all. If he can survive the graft of American graft, which arranges all the preliminaries, he often gets the wrong decision.

Even when Larry Gains beat Carnera



the other week in England, so that the one who, somebody said, won could get money by going in the ring in America with the man who, somebody else said, beat another fellow, there was a long argument afterwards, which was very nice for the boxing reporters who are paid to argue as to which one, in spite of the referee, won, after all.

But, otherwise, what does it prove? It proves just nothing, except that a man can stand up and take a punch. And men who can stand up and take punches are nothing except men who can stand up and take punches.

A world's champion boxer is no more

HANNEN SWAFFER'S Open Letter to SHARKEY

fitted to be a navvy, or a bank clerk, or a teacher, or an engineer, or a market porter, than someone who cannot fight at all. He is just the champion chucker-out, and we judge those, nowadays, by the glorified uniforms they wear outside kinemas, not by their punching power. They have to look impressive. If they did no chucking-out, they would be arrested.

When Schmeling was the so-called World's Champion, which means that they said he beat you last time because you hit him a foul blow, he proved so manly and so courageous and so strong and powerful, the Great Big Man, that, according to the newspapers, he burst into tears when he was booed by the crowd and disqualified! And you were so rough and angry that people said you had a nasty temper!

This last fight was, oh, so manly that many people thought you would foul Schmeling again. But, as you did not foul him, apparently, two of the three judges said that you had beaten him. And so you are the Great Big Hero of All the Earth—the World's Champion. Yet no one applauds you. Few applauded Schmeling when he was World's Champion. You seldom heard his name. It all seems to me very silly. As I say, it proves nothing.

I do not remember more than one or two world's champions who were renowned for their great qualities. Some of them have refused to fight until they were told it was "fixed."

As for their culture generally, America was so very surprised once because they discovered that Gene Tunney read a book sometimes.

I expect some Press agent made that up. And even Tunney was so manly that he struck, on the Riviera, a photographer who took his picture.

You, poor man, cannot even add glory to your family's record, because although they call you Sharkey, your name is Zukauskas. Why, no one can spell it!

Fancy a world's champion whose real name no one knows!

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK,
Bishopthorpe, York

YOUR GRACE,—Thanks for condemning the intemperate attitude of many so-called advocates of temperance.

We don't want any more grandmotherly legislation on drink. For most Britons have proved their desire and ability to remain sober—and they are far more useful citizens than those who find a perverted pleasure in depriving others of liberty.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—The Government should introduce legislation for the control of greyhound racing, says the London County Council, which is proposing to send a deputation to you on the matter.

This follows my recent exposure of the scandalous exploitation of the dog-racing public on unlicensed tracks.

I demanded instant action. The L.C.C. agrees. So, I hope, will you.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ROBERT GOWER,
Westminster, S.W.1

DEAR SIR,—Will the dog-fights in the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals never end?

Screaming women and men shouting threats and insults interrupted the annual general meeting, over which you presided, while a strong force of police was necessary inside and outside the buildings.

We shall soon want a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the R.S.P.C.A.

JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Bath Magistrates

YOUR WORSHIP,—A child was imprisoned for four years in one room, with only a glimpse of an adjoining roof and a small bit of sky. A cripple, her legs were bent almost at right angles, partly through having to sleep on a music stool.

Yet when her mother, Dorothy Ellen Sparrow, and a man named Townsend were charged with neglect, your Bench thought "it was not such a bad case" and let the man off with a fine of £10 and ordered the woman's mental condition to be examined. JOHN BULL.

JOYCE HUBBARD, London: Though only twelve, you ran screaming after a man who stole your handbag and twisted your arm, and so led to his arrest. He deserved his sentence of imprisonment and birching, and you the judge's award of £2.—JOHN BULL.

Miss FREDA N. LAMB,
Weston-super-Mare

DEAR HEROINE,—I congratulate you on your wonderful efforts to rescue a soldier who overbalanced from a canoe on the Exeter Canal. You dived into the canal no fewer than ten times.

University College, Exeter, where you are a student, must be proud of you. I am.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. AMBROSE, East London coroner: You were right to describe as murderers the two motor-cyclists who killed a child and ran away. Such people bring disgrace on all motor-cyclists.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C.,
Recorder of London

MY LORD,—I am glad you have drawn the attention of sensation-mongers who throng the Old Bailey to the collecting-boxes for discharged prisoners.

You cannot charge an admission fee to people who fight to get into the courts, but you can perhaps shame them into helping those who want a chance, after serving their sentences, from ever getting into the courts again.

JOHN BULL.

Master LAURIE LEWIS,
Dukestown, Monmouthshire

DEAR LAURIE,—You must be the pluckiest and most conscientious schoolboy in Britain.

A few days before the annual examinations of the county school you broke your leg. But you attended with your leg in plaster and headed the school list of successes.

You deserved to because of your diligence alone. JOHN BULL.

Miss WENDY WOOD,
Edinburgh

DEAR MISS WOOD,—The pulling-down of the Union Jack at Stirling Castle and the hoisting of the Scottish standard was instigated, I learn, by you.

The Scottish National Party officially disowns your act and says that all right-thinking Scotsmen will repudiate it. No importance, it adds, need be attached to "this piece of cheap sensationalism."

I hope this rebuke will teach you, and other hotheads like you, a little common-sense.

JOHN BULL.

MICHAEL JOHN DALE,
Burslem, Staffs

THIEF,—It is hard to think of a more despicable offence than that for which you have just been convicted.

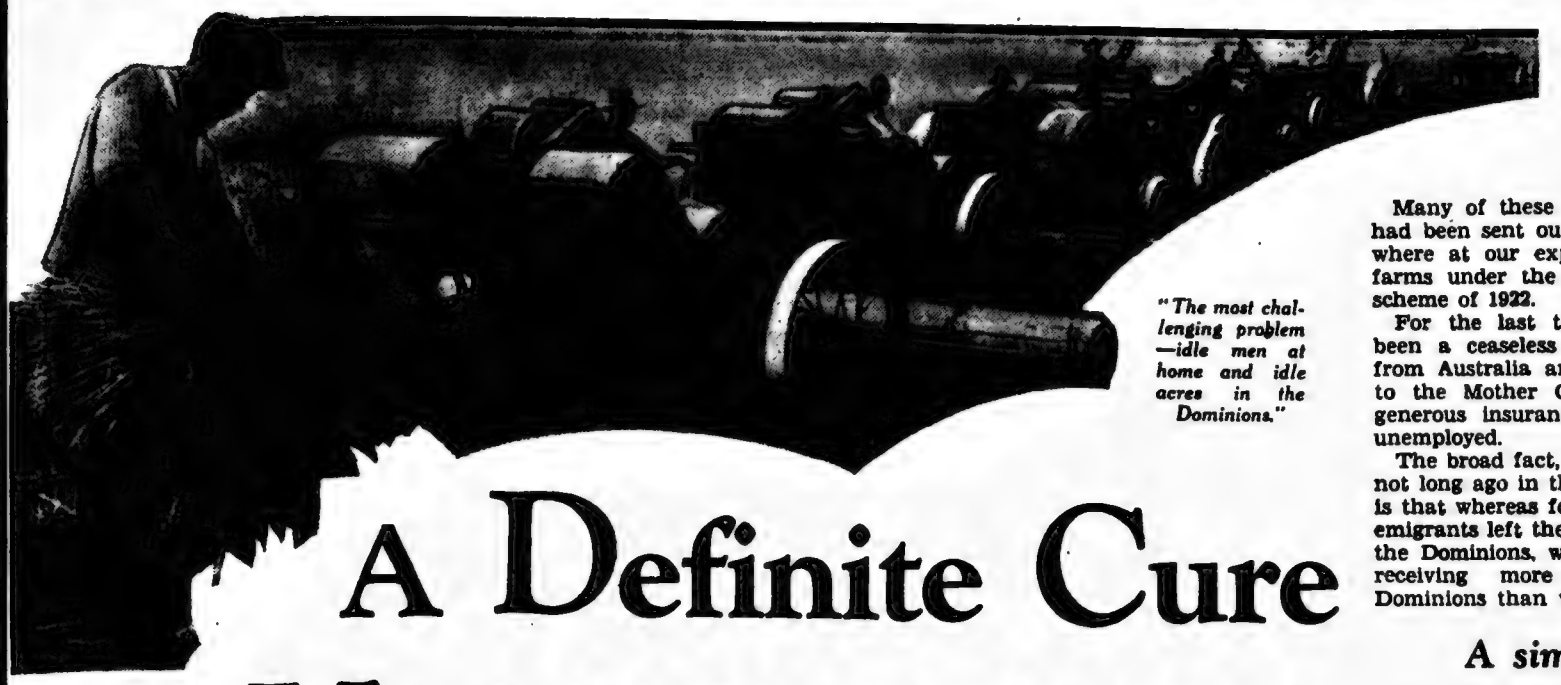
Entrusted with fruit bought for a hospital patient with the proceeds of a collection made in a local billiards hall, you stole both the fruit and the ninepence change.

The magistrate rightly described this as "mean and contemptible." I wish he had erred on the side of harshness instead of letting you off with a fine.

JOHN BULL.

Ottawa's Big Chance

by A. G. GARDINER



"The most challenging problem—idle men at home and idle acres in the Dominions."

A Definite Cure for UNEMPLOYMENT

THE Great Trek to Ottawa has begun. Statesmen, civil servants, experts and journalists are journeying thither over land and sea, "not single spies, but in battalions."

The Canadian capital has never bulked so big on the map of the world before, and though the conference is overshadowed by the tremendous issues that are being discussed at Lausanne and Geneva it should be a landmark in the history of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Wisely directed, it should give an impulse to inter-Imperial trade without disturbing the interests of that world trade the recovery of which is vital to all countries and most vital to this.

Into the controversial and difficult problems of tariffs, preferences, quotas and special privileges I shall not enter now. I shall confine myself to one aspect, which is not controversial, but which I hope will occupy a large space in the discussions at Ottawa.

I refer to the subject of emigration.

The question is one of enormous importance both to us and to the Dominions. It is important to us because, with the densest population to the square mile of any great country in the world, we need an outlet for our surplus people. It is important to the Dominions, because, with vast areas and undeveloped lands, they need settlers.

The great retreat

In 1913, 701,691 emigrants left the British Isles to settle in other countries. Of these 321,450 went to the Overseas Dominions, Canada and North America generally leading the way with 196,278. Australia that year took 77,934, South Africa 25,855 and other Dominions 21,383. Of those who went to foreign countries, the United States claimed the most—77,014.

Of course, the movement was not a "one-way" traffic. People came to settle in this country, while others went to settle elsewhere. But the balance was always on the right side.

In 1913 we had 323,000 more emigrants than we had immigrants, and that was fairly representative of the pre-war situation. We were always exporting more people than we imported.

It was good business for us, for it provided an immediate relief for any congestion in the labour market. And it was good business for the receiving countries, for it supplied them with labour they needed.

Then came the war, which, of course, disarranged all the tides of migration. We needed all the labour that was available for the trenches and the factories, and other countries were in much the same position.

When the war was over, it was assumed that pre-war conditions would return in this as in other matters. It was, as we know now, a foolish assumption. A new world had come to birth through the war, and nothing was to be as it was before.

That has been so in the case of emigration. The movement of populations has ceased to flow in the old channel with anything like the former volume. Immigration laws were put in operation here, there and everywhere, and aliens were frowned on at every port.

The United States, which had for a generation absorbed something like a million of the surplus population of Europe every year, took alarm at this inundation of foreign blood and bolted and barred its ports against the invader. Last year only 90,000 immigrants were admitted into the United States.

Much the same thing has happened in the Dominions. In 1913 we sent to the Dominions and Colonies 285,000 settlers. In 1920 we sent 198,593. Last year we sent only 27,151.

But that is not the worst of the matter. In that year the immigrants from the Dominions to this country actually exceeded by 26,000 the emigrants we sent to the Dominions. Instead of settlers going from this country to Australia and Canada, settlers were coming from those countries to this.

Many of these repatriated emigrants had been sent out to Canada and elsewhere at our expense, and settled on farms under the Overseas Settlements scheme of 1922.

For the last three years there has been a ceaseless flight of stowaways from Australia and New Zealand back to the Mother Country and to more generous insurance provisions for the unemployed.

The broad fact, as Mr. Thomas stated not long ago in the House of Commons, is that whereas for twenty years 200,000 emigrants left these shores annually for the Dominions, we are now on balance receiving more people from the Dominions than we send thither.

A simple sum

In a word, emigration has ceased. It is this fact which is at the root of our unemployment problem.

There are more people at work in this country to-day than there were in 1913, and if emigration conditions were the same as then our unemployment figures would be down by a round million.

The sum is very simple. Five years at 200,000 a year gives that total. And the decline has been going on for much more than five years. It began immediately after the war, and though it is only in late years that immigration has exceeded emigration, my estimate of a million is clearly well within the mark.

This is a tremendous fact for us. If we could knock off a million from our unemployed register the financial difficulties of this country would be solved. And our industrial difficulties would be solved also. For it is the burden of taxation that hangs like a millstone round industry, and with something like a reduction of £50,000,000 in the cost of unemployment insurance the whole outlook of trade would be revolutionised.

But this is not all. It is the maldistribution of population which is the most serious matter. That is as evil in its consequence as the mal-distribution of gold has been.

Population, like gold, should flow freely through the channels of the world, literally making the desert to blossom as the rose. Gold that is hoarded is gold that is worthless and worse than worthless. And population which is frozen into vast chunks of immobility is equally misused.

This is the task—

Idle men at home and idle acres in the Dominions constitute the most challenging problem with which the Ottawa Conference is faced. Each evil reacts on and intensifies the other. Deep calls to deep and we look to the conference to build a bridge that will span the gulf, and enable the old and wholesome traffic to be resumed.

No one can suppose that the vast potentialities of great countries like Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand are exhausted or that the limits of the populations they can carry have been reached. By comparison with Europe they are empty of people. This country, for example, has over 600 people to the square mile: Australia has two people to the square mile.

In the presence of such facts the permanent cessation of emigration to the Dominions is unthinkable. The locks must be opened and the tide must flow again.

The biggest task of Ottawa is to clear the channels and set the populations in motion once more.

Not from the B.B.C.—Maltravers Minor, of Eton, Upholds

The Right to RAG

I'M Maltravers Minor, of Eton—
And proud of it, too, as a rule.
But just now I don't feel like bleatin'
In praise of the blessed old school,
For the Head has been down on us all for a rag,
And leave's been curtailed—a most horrible fag!

This game of the Head's isn't cricket;
His tactics we coldly dislike.
In fact, I don't know why we stick it,
Instead of declaring a strike,
As some, less obsessed with tradition would do
If faced with a prospect so utterly blue.

It's galling for Maltravers Minor
To sacrifice holiday bliss;
I'd very much rather a fine or
A swishing than treatment like this.
And all just because, through high spirits we did
Damage assessed at a cool hundred quid!

I appeal to all Old Boys—Old Borstalians no less than Old Etonians—to say whether this is fair treatment.

The facts are very simple. About four hundred of us were returning from the Eton-Winchester match in a special train when a certain liveliness set in and continued in the High Street when we got back.

The consensus of opinion among those of us who took part in the proceedings was that it was quite a jolly rag; but various townsmen and railway officials—who, never having been to a public school, cannot understand the public school spirit—seem to have thought otherwise.

What is even more distressing, the Head, Dr. Alington, shares the views of these outside critics. He addressed us all in college chapel, said that we had besmirched the name of Eton, and announced that the whole school would be punished by the curtailment of long leave for the Eton-Harrow match.

Yet what did our so-called disgraceful behaviour amount to? In a spirit of harmless humour we pulled the communication-cord and stopped the train, while a few of the more whimsical lads entertained themselves by smashing windows, breaking doors and tearing down blinds.

Surely a fellow can smash a window or two if he feels that way inclined—provided, of course, his pater is ready to make good the damage.

Not, mind you, that I would defend damaging property in the ordinary way. I think that any cad who damaged a cricket pitch or anything really important would deserve to be lynched. But damage to property done in a rag isn't like ordinary damage—the one is wilful destructiveness, the other's a bit of fun.

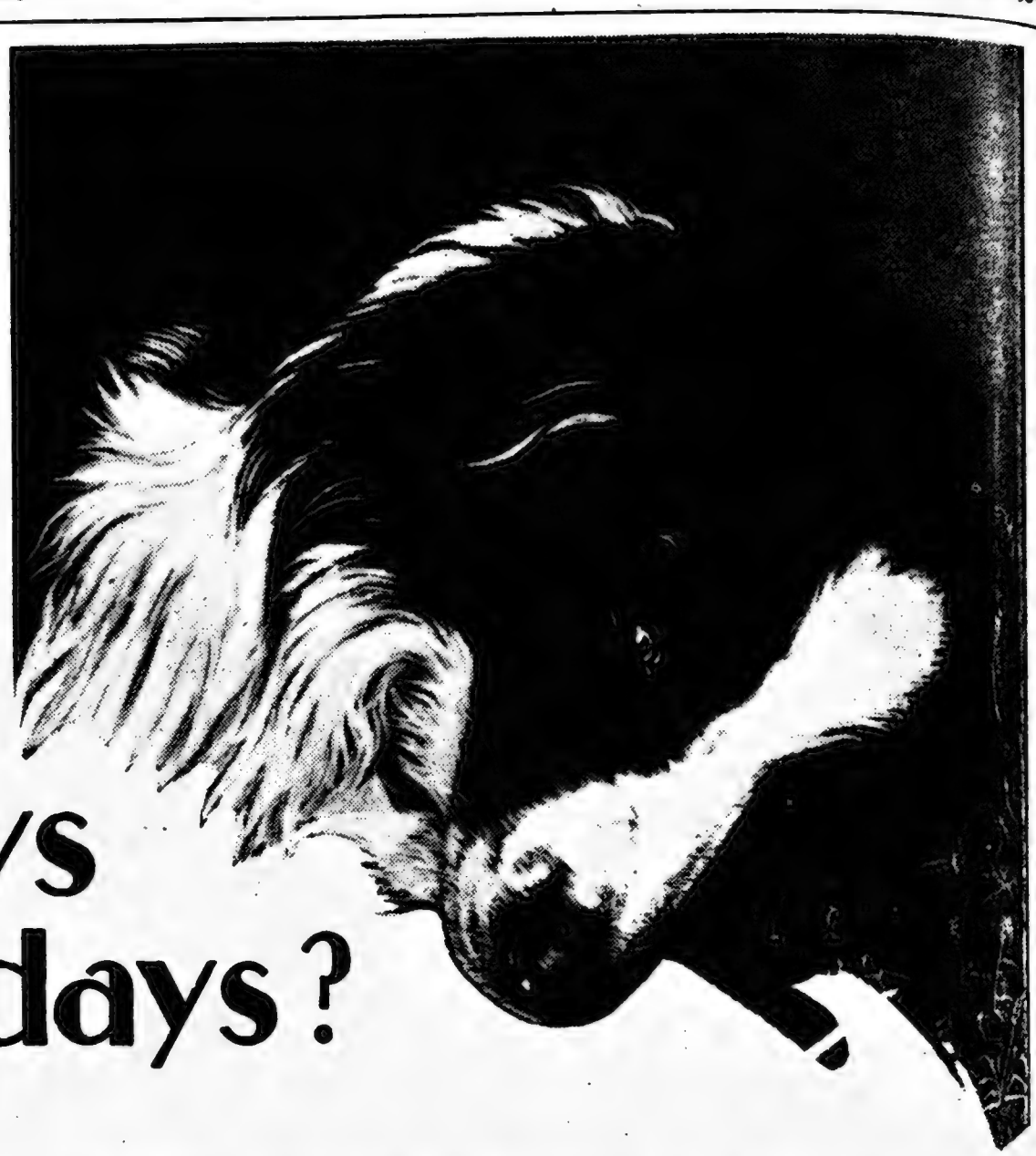
Yes, boys will be boys, and a rag is a rag;
And the incontrovertible fact is
That when on to Oxford or Cambridge we go
We'll have to take part in the rags there, and so
We need some prelimin'ry practice.

I really don't know what the fuss is about;
For who would be so narrow-minded
To care about damage inflicted in fun?
Or a fire in a spirit of humour begun?
Or a "Pussyfoot" waggishly blinded?

Yet killjoys like Alington frown at our pranks,
Instead of the other eye winkin'.
Such conduct, they say, is a flagrant abuse
Of freedom—nor will they accept the excuse
Of "Eton" as better than "drinkin'"!

Spare YOUR dog the Miseries of Summer Overheating—

Were your dog free to roam the valleys and moorlands in search of the blood correctives which Nature has provided among wild grasses and herbage, he could condition himself quite easily: But the dog's loyalty to man is stronger than his instinct to care for himself, and has defeated Nature's plan. So now your dog must look to you for his blood corrective, and fortunately this presents no difficulties. Bob Martin's Condition Powders remove every impurity from the blood and tone up the whole system, and, being tasteless, can be given with food, in milk or dry on the tongue.



WHY do they call July days DOG days?

Nowadays, most dog owners know how to save their dogs from the wretchedness of overheating, but before this knowledge was widely spread, dogs suffered acutely in hot weather. By July their condition was usually so low that they had no powers of resistance against canine diseases. "Dog days" became associated with the large amount of ill-health which dogs begin to suffer in July, unless properly cared for.

Your dog cannot perspire, as his skin is non-porous. Consequently, his blood overheats on every hot day, **but this overheating will not harm him if you provide him with a blood corrective to keep his blood free from food impurities.** That is why experienced breeders always have their dogs in perfect condition, even in mid-summer. At all famous kennels, the dogs are provided with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which remove every impurity from the blood and refresh and tone up the whole system.

Think what happens under your dog's skin on warm days **if he is denied this vital blood corrective.** The food impurities which have collected in his blood are aggravated at each overheating. There is no way out for these impurities through the non-porous skin, so they begin poisoning the whole body, and soon make the liver sluggish and the stomach sour. It is then that your dog shows his unhappy condition with one of the following blood ailments:

LISTLESSNESS
LOSS OF APPETITE
CONTINUAL SCRATCHING
LOOSE COAT
ECZEMA
SWELLINGS between the TOES.

Every one of these blood ailments can be **not only cured,** but **easily prevented** by Bob Martin's Condition Powders,. A dog conditioned with Bob Martin's Condition Powders will remain fresh and fit through months of overheating, for his blood will always be *pure* and will quickly return to normal in the cool of each evening.

If your dog's happiness means anything to you, provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders *now*. In less than 10 days you will be amazed at these *differences* which *condition* makes to him

**sharper appetite*
**clearer eyes*
**jaunty step*
**happier manner*

In a few more days you will see the biggest difference of all, for his coat will begin to take on that beautiful "Bloom" which distinguishes the well-conditioned dog and is the surest sign of pure blood.

If your dog goes off his food

There is a very simple explanation for a dog's loss of appetite in hot weather. And if you understand why your dog goes off his food you cannot only cure the trouble but easily prevent it. A dog's skin is non-porous and he cannot perspire, and impurities in his blood are aggravated when the blood overheats on every warm day. Yet his whole condition depends on the purity of his blood. His appetite is directly dependent on it, and if his blood remains impure for several days, his stomach becomes sour. But you can quickly restore your dog's appetite in hot weather by giving him Bob Martin's tasteless Condition Powders, which remove all impurities from the blood and refresh the whole system. That is why, for 40 years, all thoughtful dog-owners—including the world's most famous breeders—have kept their dogs in glorious condition, free from unhappy ill-health, by following this simple rule.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders are quite tasteless and can be given with food, in milk or dry on the tongue.

Your nearest dog biscuit shop, chemist and big store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders and 1s. boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Eng.

This Summer provide your dog with

BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

and spare him the misery of overheated blood

Our Kidnappers' LATEST Outrage

IN a few days Albert Pudney will celebrate his twentieth birthday in Colchester Asylum, where he has been held prisoner for nearly three years.

Last week his relatives made an effort to obtain his release before the anniversary. Their request was laughed at.

They were curtly and brutally told that the Board of Lunacy Control—the most autocratic authority in Britain—can keep the youth captive as long as it chooses and might do so for his lifetime.

Yet Albert Pudney is not and never has been insane or feeble-minded.

He was examined recently by a mental specialist of world-wide reputation who has certified that he bears not the slightest trace of mental deficiency, that he is being wrongly detained, and that he is fully capable of earning a livelihood and should be set free to do so.

In every particular, the case of this young man illustrates the diabolical methods by which the Board of Control's agents are filling the asylums of the country with sane and healthy people and the callousness with which the victims are kept in perpetual confinement to justify a vast expenditure of public money upon the salaries of an ever-growing horde of medical bureaucrats and administrative officials.

Air raid

When he was five years old, Albert was at school in Tilbury, Essex, where his parents reside at 129, Toronto Road.

The Great War was then in progress and one morning a fleet of enemy aeroplanes raided Tilbury to bomb the ships in the docks.

A foolish school-teacher dispersed a class of infants into the streets when the 'planes were overhead. Albert was one of them and a number of bombs dropped and exploded only a hundred yards from him.

The child escaped physical injury, but he was carried home prostrate with terror. Doctors found that there was no injury to the brain and that the effects of the shock would disappear with time and care.

In three years they did so, and Albert's life was uneventful until he reached the age of seventeen, when he was filched from his parents and put away in an asylum.

In that time he had grown into a tall, sturdy youth, always brimming with good spirits and robust health. Not once, either while he was at school or after he went to work, was it ever suggested that he was of unsound mind.

One evening, three years ago, he was skylarking with six companions at a street-corner where a motor-car was standing. An electric hand-torch was taken from the car by one of the lads, and when a policeman came on the scene he observed the lamp protruding from Albert's pocket.

The boy was taken to the police-station. There he refused to disclose the names of his companions, who had fled, and he protested that he had not taken the torch and that it must have been slipped into his pocket.

His guilt or guiltlessness is, however, immaterial. Even if he did intend to steal the torch he should have been bound over. His record was spotless.

As it was he was sentenced to imprisonment for life—to a living death behind asylum walls—and against this kind of punishment there is no appeal.

While he was in custody, a woman welfare worker descended upon his home, and learned from his mother of his experience in the air-raid twelve years before.

For her, that was ample evidence of insanity. "Shell shock!" she said, and

Albert Pudney's parents have made a plucky but futile fight for his liberty. We now demand it

off she went, unknown to the mother, to have a place prepared for the boy in the nearest asylum.

When the day came for him to appear before the magistrates, he had to be in court alone, because both his parents had been injured in an accident.

All day they waited in vain for his return. In the evening, the mother was summoned to the police station and, because of her injuries, had to be carried inside from the car which fetched her.

The crippled woman was interviewed by a man who admitted he was not a police officer and who told her the magistrates had decided that they were satisfied that her son was not in the best of health and should be sent to a country home for a few months for medical treatment.

The man placed a document before her and instructed her to sign it. She asked to be allowed to read the contents, but was told her signature was a mere formality.

It is significant that it is usually the mother whom the Board of Control representatives induce to sign these documents, not the father or male guardian.

Futile battle

In a few days this poor woman learned that it was an asylum to which her son had been sent and that the paper to which she had innocently put her name was an agreement for his committal there!

For three years the mother has fought a plucky but futile battle to have her son restored to her. She has used every possible agency to secure his release, but always the Board of Control, as in every case, refuses to show a spark of mercy.

To those who approach the Board, its officials reply with a stereotyped letter, which is sent out in all cases, that the boy or girl is receiving training which must not be interrupted.

This is dishonest. There is no attempt made to "train" asylum prisoners. Albert Pudney works daily with a squad of lunatics digging in fields and gardens.

In despair, his mother petitioned the King, who commanded the Minister of Health to investigate the matter.

But the Board of Control has power and authority greater than that of any Cabinet Minister, and the Royal intervention was met with the simple answer that the Board refused to give Albert his liberty.

Members of Parliament then tried to defeat this omnipotent and outrageous Board. They suggested that an employer might be found to give the boy work, despite the stigma of mental deficiency with which he had been wrongly branded.

Merciless

Albert's sister, the wife of a rich landowner-farmer in Australia, was communicated with, and she and her husband willingly agreed that he should go to live with them.

The sister came to this country recently, and her brother was given short leave from the asylum. The opportunity was then taken to have him examined by a famous mental specialist, who certified him to be in perfect health, physically and mentally, and declared he should never have been in an asylum.

On the strength of this report, the sister booked passages to Australia, and she and her mother wrote informing the Board of Control that the sister intended taking Albert there.

The answer to this was that an officer of the Board telephoned to the police and ordered Albert to be taken into custody for overstaying his leave from the asylum.

Two detectives took up positions near his parents' house, and when the youth appeared in the street on his bicycle they arrested him.

The mother went to the police station and explained the position, but her appeal was in vain. The Board of Control must not lose a captive, although he is proved sane and a new and assured life has been provided for him.

The mother pleaded at least for time to fetch her son some cigarettes and comforts before he was taken away.

She returned in twenty minutes with her parcel—to be told that in the brief interval her wish had been denied and her son was on the way back to the asylum under escort.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Saints and SINNERS

A MAN whom I know very well but do not often see has written to me lately to tell me of a piece of work he is doing which he describes as the greatest comfort of his life. It is that of visiting men who are serving their sentences in prison.

He volunteered for this service some time ago and was accepted. He is allowed under official supervision to make friends with about six or eight of these unfortunate law-breakers, to call and see them regularly about once a week, sit with them in their cells and talk with them about his and their experience of life and what the future might hold for them.

I ought to explain that my friend has had a rough time of it himself, and his is a hard one even to-day.

He is an elderly man now, but, like so many others, when he was young he was headstrong and foolish, and made a mess of his opportunities. Looking at these poor fellows in prison he realises very vividly how easily he might have been one of their number.

He is poor, rather lonely, often discouraged and depressed as he looks back upon his career and faces the problem of the present, with its pinching and scraping for a bare subsistence. But he gives me this striking testimony:

"No matter how heavy-hearted I am when I go to the prison, I always come away feeling cheered up. Somehow the very act of sharing thoughts and feelings with fellow-men in a worse case than myself, and trying to help them to take a hopeful view of life, puts new strength into my own soul, and when I come forth again I am in a sort of happy glow."

I can well believe it. Hugh Redwood says in his little book, "God in the Slums," that the happiest people he has ever met are the young Salvation Army girls who spend their lives in trying to take brightness and health into some of the most horrible dens of outcast London.

They go fearlessly into scenes and surroundings from which the ordinary man or woman would recoil, and they will tackle drunken husbands and wife-beaters, and even hardened criminals.

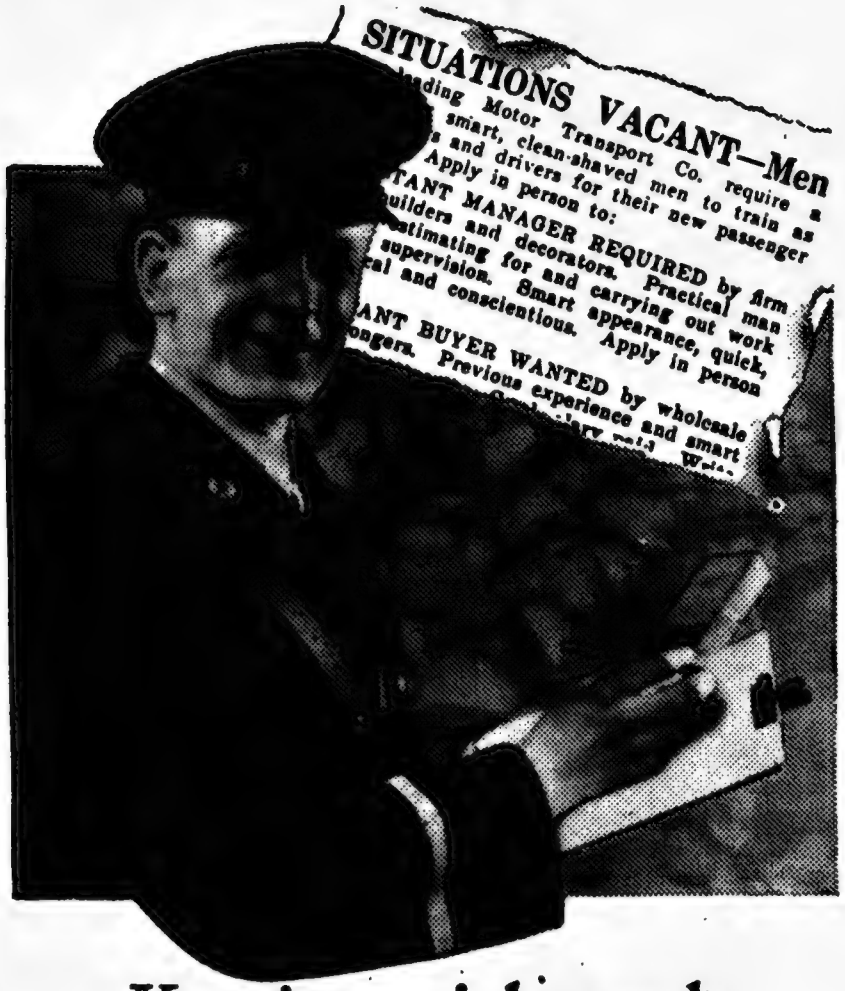
All honour to these splendid young people. They are a shining demonstration of the truth that the good in man is stronger than the evil, that we are not merely animals but spiritual beings.

Is there so very much difference between worst and best after all? There are many downright wicked people behind prison bars, and there are many equally wicked people sitting in the seats of the mighty.

Nor is there any of us so very good that he can afford to pass condemnation upon the weak and erring who suffer for their faults.

That great soldier, Sir William Robertson, who has risen from the ranks to the highest command, has frankly told us that in his young days he was within a hair's-breadth of taking the turning that would have led downward instead of upward.

"And by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou in rebuking evil
Conscious of thine own."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smart, clean-shaved men to train as
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estimating for and carrying out work
supervision. Smart appearance, quick,
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ANT BUYER WANTED by wholesale
ongers. Previous experience and smart

Keeping a job needs more than ability

Employers are quick to notice the man who has a smart, clean-shaven appearance. Other things being equal, he is the one they mark down for permanency and promotion. And being well shaved means using a soap that is made for the job. But it does not mean paying a shilling or more; Lever's Easy Shaving Stick costs only 6d. That is a mere trifle to pay for a hundred clean, smooth shaves—the kind that makes all the difference when you are being considered for promotion.

She can buy you a Lever's Easy Shaving Stick at the grocer's.

100 shaves for 6d

A *LEVER* PRODUCT E 213-172-60

WHAT FUTURE ? ARE YOU PLANNING

You will need some capital or an income, and to secure these the help of experts is available.

You will save more regularly if definite insurance premiums are arranged to fall due at convenient dates, and your savings will be in the care of investment experts.

You will save Income Tax and thus in effect get £1 investment for 17/6d.

Should your death happen before your plans are achieved your family will get what you intended to save instead of what you have saved.

MAKE USE AT ONCE OF THE SERVICE OFFERED BY THE

PEARL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

POST THIS FORM to the PEARL Assurance Co. Ltd. Chief Offices: HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

PLEASE SEND PARTICULARS OF YOUR ENDOWMENT AND LIFE POLICIES.

NAME_____
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS_____

J.B. 9/7/32. AGE_____

LUXURY COMFORT

AT A BARGAIN PRICE. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy, and give pleasure all the time.

GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE is the WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 68 x 88 ins. Weight 7½lbs pair.

Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends. 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Padstow Alhambra Hemmed Quilt Size 72 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two White Pillow Cases. Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 18-Piece Cutlery Service:—4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, white all through. The Complete Sale (including the 18 Piece Cutlery Service). Ready for Immediate De- livery, Carriage Paid. Price 5/-

TERMS: 5/- with Order, and 5/- Monthly. Full Approval. Catalogue Free.

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FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS

They assist the lungs to throw off all irritating matter and to regain health and vigour.

Sold in Boxes at 1/3 and 3/-

A COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" AND "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.

THIRTY seconds to live! That is the sentence on tooth decay germs. Euthymol Tooth Paste won't let them live longer. Laboratory tests show that in the dilution applied to the teeth Euthymol is able to kill dental decay germs within 30 seconds.

We would like to send you a seven-day free sample tube, so that you can prove for yourself its refreshing qualities!

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

COUPON. Send me a trial tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste, which I have not yet tried.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

To Euthymol (Dept. 67V), 50 Bask St., London, W.1

SIR WYNDHAM CHILD'S Denounces—

The ACE of CADS

I CAN imagine no more despicable form of fraud than that of exploiting the sympathy which the charitable public feels for the slum child, and I propose this week to direct attention to a rogue, who is the worst offender in this respect, now at large.

Sussex has latterly been the field of his operations, and complaints show that he has been directing an organised door-to-door appeal on behalf of an institution which was supposed to send children to a holiday home in Brighton.

According to the particulars furnished by collectors, this is an important hostel to which poor children are sent from city slums during the summer months, so that they may enjoy a holiday by the sea.

Prominent welfare-workers are supposed to have given the movement official support in its present great effort to extend the scope of its good work!

Poignant story

I need hardly stress the fact that few people remain unmoved in the face of such appeals, and that donations are readily forthcoming once a practised collector has concluded his tale.

In one instance that is known to me the collector did not rely solely upon his heartrending stories, but assured his hearer, a woman, that her husband had always given most generously in other years.

Convinced that the cause was a most deserving one, the woman wrote out a cheque upon the spot, and you can imagine how pained and surprised she was to find out later that it had been cashed at a local public-house!

Enquiry showed that the management had obliged a man who had "just looked in for a drink."

The truth is that the claims now being made in this widespread house-to-house campaign have not the slightest justification.

The collectors represent no recognised charity and have no permanent headquarters. They work under the direction of a persistent charity-cheat named J. Briggs, whose fraudulent operations in this particular field are astounding.

In recent months he has netted countless charitable contributions for a variety of objects, and the path of his progress may be traced through Seaford, Sussex; Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, and the Westminster, Marylebone and Notting Hill districts of London.

At Kingston his appeals were on behalf of a fund for sending poor children to the country. He was very active in the district himself, but was careful to time his calls *after* the men folk had departed for work.

Of course, his story was much the same as I have outlined in the Brighton holiday home case, except that the invalid and poor children for whom he so touchingly appealed were to be sent for a day in the country instead of to the seaside.

Here, again, I find, he took care to cash any cheques locally, where the givers were likely to be well known.

Discouraged . . .

This seems to be his invariable practice. Sometimes he selects a news agency; sometimes a grocer's shop; sometimes a restaurant or a public-house. In every case he makes a purchase of some sort and then tenders the cheque in payment

In Marylebone he varied his tale and pretended that he represented an evangelistic mission in London, but he was equally successful in obtaining generous subscriptions.

Another appeal made by him in Kensington was supposed to be on behalf of his "Crippled Children's Holiday Fund." He declared that it was a soundly established organisation, doing truly wonderful work; but a request for an annual report discouraged him, and he soon left the district.

When similarly challenged in Tunbridge Wells, Kent, Briggs temporised by producing a note-book containing the names and addresses of various well-known local residents, whom he said were among his subscribers. His bluff worked, and I am sorry to say that he was given a substantial cheque.

A full list of this rogue's activities would take up more space than I can spare, but among the various schemes he has devised in his persistent attempts to defraud the public I ought to mention the "National Children's Society."

An ambitious title this, you will agree, but it cloaked a project that was quite as nebulous as any of those I have already mentioned.

Its aims and objects, as outlined by Briggs or his collectors, were calculated to win wide approval. "Help the little ones and cripples" was one of his slogans, and he professed to provide holidays, special outings and free meals.

Not one little child did Briggs send to join these happy youngsters at the seaside. But he collected considerable sums for that purpose

Mobile "headquarters"

A feature of this particular society, which was only revealed on investigation, was that its "headquarters" were conveniently mobile.

In one instance, I find, they were given as being in Gray's Inn Road, London; in another as being in Oxford Street.

With equal inconsistency they were at other times said to be at Paddington or at Stratford!

But as Briggs usually remains in one district no longer than is necessary to gather in collections, these constant changes are not altogether surprising.

On one occasion during the chequered life of this bogus society a woman street collector fell into the hands of the police.

She had in her possession a collecting box sealed with a label bearing the usual moving appeals on behalf of the little ones; but her handbag also contained a supply of similar labels with which the box could be resealed at will!

Nothing for charity

The long association of Briggs with charitable ventures of a notorious character has led to his being black-listed by the Charity Organisation Society, which rightly regards him as one of the worst charity cheats now operating.

Except for such amounts as he may think fit to allow his collectors to take for their own commission, the entire proceeds of his fraudulent schemes are pocketed by Briggs himself.

I can only hope that this exposure of his various methods will bring his latest campaign to the swift and inglorious end it deserves.

TRAP FOR THE WORKLESS

THERE seems no end to the ruses adopted by unscrupulous people to rob unemployed men of their savings.

Our postbag this week contains letters from all parts of the country regarding one offer in particular which, for sheer impudence, could hardly be equalled.

Complaints, indeed, reach us from Middlesbrough, Torquay, Northampton, Liverpool, Appledore, Bristol, and Cardiff. All refer to a proposition which emanates from Gardener and Lee, of 35, Regent Street, London, W.

A good man is wanted, for the post offered is that of accounts clerk, and the firm, described as "electric clock manufacturers," boasts really impressive business notepaper.

All those readers who have sought our advice have been told by Gardener and Lee that their application has received favourable consideration, and that they will be engaged at a commencing salary of £4 a week, subject to a satisfactory interview.

* * *

Then follows the strange stipulation that in view of the distance at which they reside from the company's office they must immediately forward "a nominal deposit of £1" as a guarantee of good faith and in order that the vacancy may be kept open.

The fact that this same post is being offered on identical terms on such a widespread scale shows the proposition to be a palpable fraud.

It is only necessary to add that "Gardener and Lee" is the business name of an individual named H. G. Gardener, who has now disappeared from the Regent Street office, which he occupied for barely two weeks!

WOMAN FARMER'S HARVEST

AFTER a long life of hard work on a farm, Mrs. J. A. Brown has been rewarded with a JOHN BULL cheque for £1,250. She had the option of a pension of £3 a week, but Mrs. Brown is seventy-two, and wisely decided to take the lump sum mentioned. Moreover, she is a widow, and farming is not prosperous these days. She is now financially secure for the rest of her life.

"I had a pleasant shock when I received intimation that I had sent in an all-correct solution of Crossword Puzzle No. 169," she told a JOHN BULL representative in an interview.

* * *

Mrs. Brown came on a month's visit to her brother at Shalden Park Farm, Alton, and what a pleasant holiday it has been for her! She is a native of Twyford, Shaftesbury, Dorset, and her home is Hill Farm, Brambridge, near Eastleigh, Hants.

Only her second attempt, she worked out the solution herself, and submitted two coupons, one of which had several mistakes. "I have worked out hundreds of crossword puzzles for amusement," said this white-haired old lady, "but never submitted any until I came on this happy visit to my brother's farm.

"He takes JOHN BULL every week, and following a practice I have acquired to pass away the time, I solved No. 169, and it was my brother who suggested that I should send along the coupons."

Mrs. Brown intends banking the money for the time being, but what will happen after she has yet to decide. "It will be safe in the bank, anyway," she said, with a smile.

"My daughter, Mrs. Neale, is a crossword fiend, and when I return with the cheque I'm afraid she will be very envious of her old mother, who solves puzzles to while away the hours."

* * *

Why be envious of Mrs. Brown's huge success when a much bigger reward can be yours for solving the amusing Crossword on page 32. If your entry is in by noon, Thursday, July 14, it may win you a Record Pension of £6 a week for life—or £3,000 cash!

THE AUSTIN TWELVE-SIX "HARLEY DE-LUXE SALOON"

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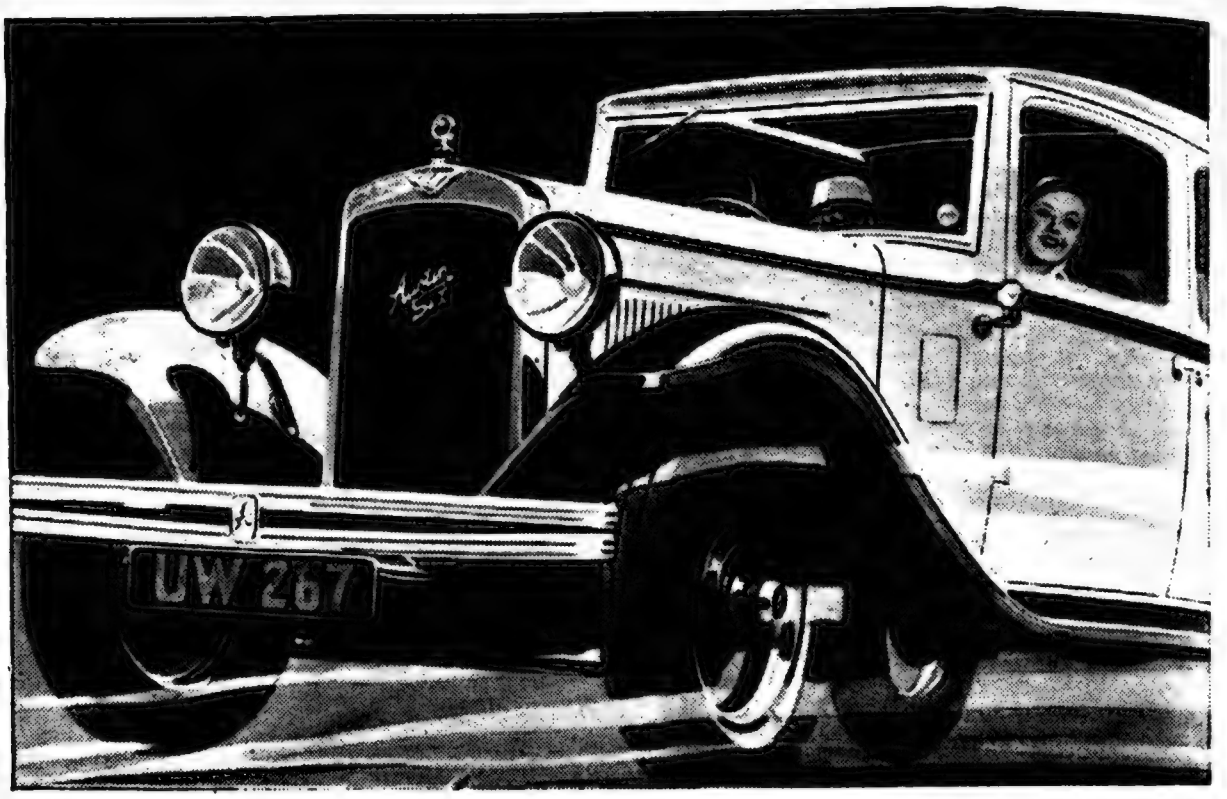

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Every day for 132 days a brand new Austin has been given away—*absolutely free!* Scattered all over the Kingdom there are 132 happy new car owners—enjoying all the pleasures of an Austin Twelve-Six De-Luxe Model—just because they gave a few minutes to this simple competition! Perhaps, you've thought it complicated and difficult. It isn't—it's easy! And, now, with entry forms in every packet, it's easier still—increasing your chances—bringing that Austin closer and closer to your door!

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There are two entry forms in every packet of KENSITAS Twenties. Each entry form has a place for two words. Just write 20 WORDS—NO MORE—NO LESS. Every day (except Sunday) an Austin Twelve-Six De-Luxe Model is given away for the best twenty-word statement describing the quality and merits of KENSITAS Cigarettes. Complete rules are printed on each entry form.

"With ULTRA-VIOLET Rays"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

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Car No. 129
Rev. H. G. JONES
Clerk in Holy Orders,
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Carmarthenshire, South Wales.

Car No. 130
Mr. C. L. BROWN
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ONE OF THE WINNING OPINIONS:
"By eradicating impurities Kensitas' exclusive process enhances the high qualities of Virginian tobacco while minimizing irritation to delicate throat membranes."

Ministry of Labour's Bad Blunder

HUNDREDS of men, grown desperate through long unemployment, who accepted an offer to assist with the Jersey potato crop, have had a cruelly disappointing experience.

Some have returned to England in utter disgust and despair, and are once more seeking work; others, still more unfortunate, are stranded in Jersey, penniless and disillusioned.

Their plight is due to the fact that someone in the Ministry of Labour blundered—and blundered badly.

At the outset the scheme looked like working well. The prospects, as outlined in leaflets issued in this country, sounded quite good, employment being promised for 3,000 men.

Three grades of workers were called for. "Forks" for digging the potatoes; "Pickers" for gathering, and "Sorters" for packing them into barrels.

The work was to be paid for at piece-rates, and it was said that a "good, strong 'fork'" should be able to earn 14s. a day, the "pickers" and "sorters" rates being about 8s. a day.

Wrong types sent

An initial party of 900 men got on fairly well, only a negligible proportion failing to make good. This was undoubtedly due to the careful selection of the men sent.

But after that the machinery of selection broke down hopelessly. A lot of selected workers who were to have left for Jersey found that they could get better jobs in England, and naturally remained. So other men were detailed to replace them, with the result that an absurdly haphazard "selection" was made.

All manner of men were despatched to Jersey quite indiscriminately; men who had no knowledge or experience of the land and who had certainly never handled a potato fork.

Painters, chefs, hairdressers, rivetters, yacht hands and others were all plunged out of their element. Doubtless many went willingly, eager to get work of any sort.

But it is now painfully clear that they should never have been allowed to go.

Many found that their inexperience made it impossible for them to earn anything like the advertised wages; nor could any of them live as cheaply as their Breton rivals, who asked nothing better than a perpetual diet of bread and onions.

In debt

The views of some of the men who have returned in disgust are decidedly illuminating.

"I worked in a gang from 3 a.m. until 9 p.m., with an hour and a half break," one tells us. "I stuck it for a fortnight, and my pay for that period was £2 6s. It had cost me £2 to equip myself with the necessary boots and clothing."

For two weeks this man had to keep himself in food and provide for his wife and children in England, and inevitably found himself running into debt.

As soon as he saw that the prospect of earning the advertised wages was hopeless he took steps to secure his passage home. He landed back with 1s. 3d. in his pocket, and has since been forced to apply for parish relief.

His experience corresponds to that of other men who have given up in despair. All declare that while the piece-rates may be reasonable in the case of the Bretons who have hitherto gathered the crop, they are quite inadequate for Englishmen.

But those who have got back home are the more fortunate. There are others now stranded in St. Helier, where the police station and town hall are crowded to overflowing. Most of them are practically penniless and dependent upon the police for food.

As for the conditions in the potato fields, some of the sturdiest workers admit that they found them, to say the least, "tough."

The normal working day begins at 5 a.m. and ends at 8 p.m.

To earn the advertised 14s. the digger would have to clear half a "vergee" a day (2½ vergees equal an acre).

Unless a man possesses the muscles of a Hercules it is practically impossible for him to maintain this standard continuously.

"On one occasion," declares a Ryde man, "we dug 68 cwt. of potatoes between us in a gang of six. Our pay for this work was 10s. a man, though the market price of the potatoes we dug was about £80.

"Working sixteen hours a day at this job when you've never handled a potato fork is no joke. I came back with a Wiltshire man who dropped unconscious in the fields and was due to go into hospital as soon as we landed."

And here is the personal story of a Falmouth dockyard fitter, a man of exceptionally fine physique, who has been a professional boxer and weight-lifter.

Who is to blame?

He tells us that he was only able to reach the 14s. a day standard by taking turn and turn about with two of his mates. Fit and strong though he is, he found it impossible to continue, and he, too, has thrown up the job in despair.

Fine tribute has been paid to the pluck of all these men. A Jersey newspaper declares that they have done their best to make good; they have been willing and have shown that they can learn even unaccustomed tasks.

That is all very well, but we still contend that proper discrimination should have been exercised in selecting the men for this particular work.

It is up to the Ministry of Labour to see that all the stranded workers are brought back as speedily as possible; and an official enquiry should also be held to find out how it is that such appalling blundering has been possible.

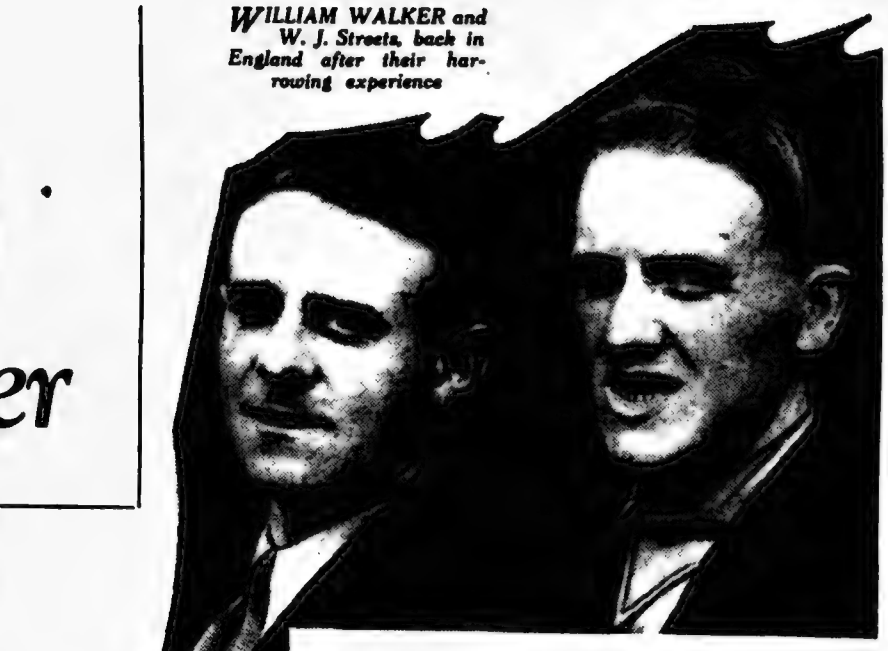
A FLOOD ECHO

The sun has been shining out of a cloudless sky recently on to a parched and thirsty land, yet only a short time ago much of England was devastated by floods.

JOHN BULL was reminded of this when a letter arrived from a flood victim living at Stapleford, Notts. In acknowledging our cheque, he writes:

"Nobody could have been fairer than JOHN BULL over this free insurance. I have told my friends of the prompt attention you gave us all after the flood. Many to whom I have showed your cheque now wish they had registered."

JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay storm and flood benefits. See page 34.



WILLIAM WALKER and W. J. Streets, back in England after their harrowing experience

Excursion JAIL Ordeal

VISITORS to the South and South-east coasts of Britain are plagued by invitations to cross the Channel and spend a day in France.

If they give the French the privilege of their company—and, of course, their money—for the day, the French authorities, they are told, will waive the necessity for passports.

A few days ago an unhappy experience befell two English professional football players who made the excursion.

One of them is W. J. Streets, the former Blackpool, Clapton Orient, and West Stanley footballer, who played last season in the Irish Free State First Division and afterwards assisted Albion Rovers in Scotland.

The other is William Walker, who has played football for some years with Lancashire Combination clubs.

Like a number of other professional players, Streets and Walker have lately been in negotiation for contracts with French football teams.

* * *

They were invited to visit France to discuss terms personally with the manager of an important club who is himself an ex-Scottish internationalist and former English First Division player.

The meeting place arranged was the town of Samer which, being only twelve miles from Boulogne, made it possible for the two men to travel by excursion steamer from Folkestone and return to London on the same day.

After the conference with the representative of the French club, Streets and Walker waited for an omnibus to take them back to Boulogne.

While they were waiting two police officers on bicycles pulled up and fired a number of questions at them. One was understood to make a remark to the other about M. Doumer, the French President, who was assassinated two months ago in Paris.

Thereupon one policeman opened his revolver holster and held the weapon towards Streets and Walker while the other removed the contents of their pockets, handcuffed them, and escorted them to police headquarters. The men pointed to the return halves of their boat tickets and the letter making their appointment, but no attention was paid to these credentials.

When their passports were demanded, they explained that the French authorities had announced that this formality was not necessary for one-day visits. This statement was treated as nonsense.

Indicating the telephone, Streets asked to be allowed to put a call through to the British Consul at Boulogne, but he was threatened with violence when he approached the instrument.

A party of senior police officers assembled and discussed the two prisoners in relation to M. Doumer's tragic death, comparing them with photographs of "wanted" men in an album.

Streets and Walker were then placed in a foul cell.

Next day, still handcuffed, but now chained together, they were taken twelve miles to the town of Montreuil, and again thrown into prison.

Their cell, which they had to share with eight other men, was indescribably filthy, and among their sleeping companions were two men waiting trial for murder—one had killed his wife only a few hours before—and some desperadoes awaiting transportation.

* * *

After three days they were brought before a magistrate who, on hearing their story, ordered enquiries to be made by telegraph in London.

Forty-eight hours later they were actually kicked out into the road.

When they asked for the return of their money they were told it had been sent to the Consul at Boulogne, 24 miles away.

Both men were dazed and weak from five days' close confinement and lack of exercise and food.

Under a hot sun, without a sou to buy food or refreshment, and often at the point of collapse, they tramped to Boulogne, dreading every minute that they might be arrested again and have to endure further tortures.

Neither Streets nor Walker now contemplates signing on for any French football club.

The

Comm

Once he wielded his power for evil . . . "Over a bent sixpence his gang of confederates bound themselves to him with fearful oaths . . ."

I HAVE been asked to write about the greatest sinner I have known. Now this is difficult, for who am I to judge whether one human being is a greater sinner than another?

If it were a question of the most depraved man or woman I have ever met, I think I should choose a man I once knew who tried to take his own daughters to South America and sell them into the white slave traffic.

We had the children in our keeping, and the man was extremely abusive when I refused to give them up.

It so happened that I had an Irishman staying in my house at the time. After listening to the man for some minutes he could restrain himself no longer and threw him out into the street! We then hastily removed the children to a place of greater safety, under the care of my wife.

I knew, too, a company promoter who murdered an actress in a taxi-cab. It was a notorious murder, and I shall always remember it clearly because it was my unhappy duty to go to the man in his cell and tell him that the Home Secretary had finally declared there was no chance of a reprieve.

But if ingenuity and variety of evil-doing, skill and determination in carrying it out, and length of criminal career make one a "greatest sinner," I think I must give first place to the notorious "Dad" Sloss.

King of burglars

If you had been walking in North London along the Caledonian Road some thirty years ago, you might have noticed a muscular, bearded man with a big white scar on his forehead, wearing the Salvation Army red jersey and preaching in a powerful, ringing voice to the local "toughs."

Often he would be standing at the gates of Pentonville Prison ready to help those who were discharged, and many a man he would take to his garret near King's Cross, where he would feed and clothe him and try to find him an honest job.

Who would have guessed that this was "Archie," once a king of burglars, the world-famous "Duke of Portland," who had spent a total of forty years as a convict and been flogged eight times, receiving a grand total of 400 lashes?

When only a little chap of six, his brutal, drunken father, who used to flog him with a horse-whip, dragged him out of bed by the hair and left him lying naked on the floor.

The lad fled to a criminal family who lived by theft, and was later discovered begging in the streets by an old lady, who fed and clothed him and took him to a church service, where he was surprised to see men collecting money in velvet bags set on the ends of sticks.

Child criminal

The old lady explained that this money was for poor little boys like himself, and this made such an impression on his young mind that he slipped into the church that night and made off with the offertory!

This was the beginning of a long and varied criminal career, which continued until he was seventy.

Not long afterwards he was sent to burgle a house with Dan, one of the sons of the family with which he was staying. Dan lowered him through the skylight, but on reaching the floor he was attacked by a large dog and bitten severely in the leg.

With astonishing resource the boy drew a knife and killed the dog. Presently, his leg pouring with blood, he was pulled up through the skylight with the "swag," which he handed over to Dan.

That evening the police raided Dan's house and examined each member of the family for dog bites. But Archie had taken refuge elsewhere, and the "swag" had been buried in a place of safety.

Next day the police traced Archie to his retreat and discovered the wounds on his leg. But he bluffed the doctor, and for lack of evidence they had to let him go.

His coolness and daring led him to take great risks, which eventually got him into trouble, and while still a young man he found himself working at Woolwich as a convict.

One day he was surprised to recognise a fellow criminal dressed in workman's clothes. This man dropped a small object at his feet, which turned out to be a £5-note screwed up into a pellet.

With this money Sloss was able to buy a suit of clothes and escape. For some time he was at liberty, until, just after he had made a successful coup, the man who had given him the note came to him and demanded half-shares in return for his services.

Sloss refused to give him more than £10, whereupon he was immediately betrayed and sent back to penal servitude.

Perhaps it was this incident which decided him to practise his profession independently. At all events, he did so, and soon he was carrying out a series of most skilful robberies, many of them on jewel shops, which brought him in enormous sums.

He lived in a luxuriously furnished flat in London, ate green peas and asparagus out of season, drank the choicest wines, smoked the finest cigars and patronised the theatre.

Quixotic robbery

He did everything in a lordly manner and lived up to his nickname of "The Duke of Portland," which he earned by flatly refusing to perform certain kinds of work in Portland Prison.

He was always rather quixotic. Once another thief told him of a certain colliery owner who had unjustifiably sacked a number of his employees, and the pair of them decided to burgle the man's house near Newcastle.

Braving the bullets of the employer, who was waiting for them with a revolver, they trussed him and put a potato in his mouth, making off with £500, some of which they distributed among the discharged colliers. But shortly afterwards they were arrested in Glasgow on information lodged by these very men whom they had assisted!

On another occasion, Sloss, after netting £2,000 in one haul, went over to New York for a change, and, having spent all his money, decided to burgle a bank in Broadway.

On the afternoon of a certain holiday the manager of the bank appeared unexpectedly and was surprised to find a small party of artisans at work on the premises. He fetched a policeman, with the result that Sloss (disguised as a carpenter) went to Sing-Sing.

Black Betsy

But generally, except when he was serving time in Bermuda or Western Australia, Sloss was in London.

Usually he posed as a clerk in holy orders. Attired in a decent garb of black, soft grey hat and white tie, he stalked the streets of the City with bowed head.

Few who saw him could have guessed that he was the most successful burglar in London. Fourteen men, and a woman known as Black Betsy, hung on his word. Over a bent sixpence they had bound themselves to him with fearful oaths.

Under cover of his clerical garb he would secure situations for members of this gang in hotels or houses which he wished to plunder. Once the newspapers contained accounts of four great jewel-shop burglaries in one day, and many of the missing jewels were smuggled into his flat under Betsy's voluminous skirts.

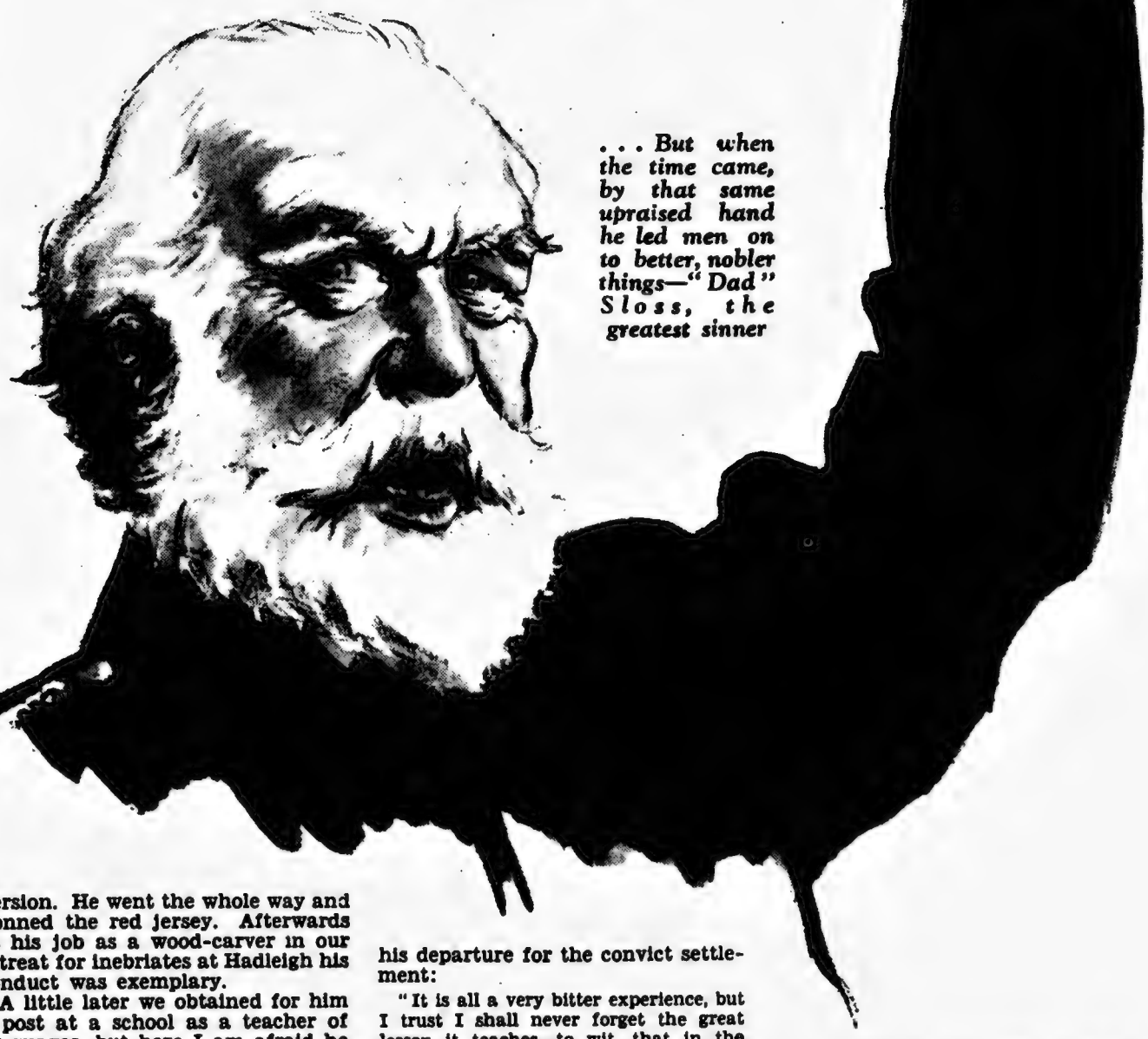
Who would have thought that such a man could be converted? Yet this is what happened. It was after his discharge from prison in his seventieth year that the miracle occurred.

Sloss spent a night in a Salvation Army shelter in Clerkenwell, and here Christ met him.

For years afterwards in the course of my work I saw him from time to time. He never faltered. He was a consistent, persistent, and original

Greatest Sinner I EVER KNEW

ssioner
DAVID
LAMB
of the Salvation Army



. . . But when the time came, by that same upraised hand he led men on to better, nobler things—"Dad" Sloss, the greatest sinner

witness for his new Master. At the funeral which the Army gave him there were striking testimonies to the old man's sincerity and devotion.

On the morning after his conversion we persuaded him to look for work. The proprietor of a bookshop off Tottenham Court Road (who had been put up to it by us) gave him half a crown for delivering two letters, and Sloss, looking dazedly at the coin, declared that it was the first he had earned honestly in the whole of his life!

Next day saw him with a sack over his shoulder picking up scraps in the streets, which he sold for a few pence.

Soon he was wearing the red jersey and preaching to his former confederates. He was a veritable Knox, fiercely eloquent, stern, sombre and absolutely fearless of the critics who, remembering his clerical garb, laughed him to scorn.

But for Dan Sloss I should have said the "greatest sinner" I ever knew was a man whom I shall call John Brown. He was a very different type from Sloss, for he was a teacher by profession, an excellent linguist and a well-educated man.

The cynic

Had he kept to honest ways he might have occupied a distinguished position in a school or university. As it was, he became, according to Scotland Yard's description, "one of the cleverest criminals in Europe."

In his case I cannot describe the details of his criminal career because, unlike Sloss, he was not at all communicative about it.

I first saw him down at our farm in Hadleigh, Essex, when I was governor there. Like other criminals of those days, he had sought sanctuary with the Salvation Army because he believed the police were hot on his heels.

He had not the least intention of being converted, and he would sit through our meetings with a hard, cynical smile on his face. Many would have said that he was a man on whom it was almost impossible to make any lasting good impression.

But one day a remarkable thing happened. We had a meeting at which the preacher was a plain, uneducated man, who at the plough had received his "call" to become a Salvation Army officer.

While this simple son of the soil was speaking, an astonishing thing occurred. The Holy Spirit fell upon Brown, compelling him to face the realities of life as never before, and at the same time pointing out the way of salvation.

I saw him as he struggled and resisted. He was trembling from head to foot, shaking like a leaf.

Finally came surrender—and peace.

There was no doubt about his conversion. He went the whole way and donned the red jersey. Afterwards at his job as a wood-carver in our retreat for inebriates at Hadleigh his conduct was exemplary.

A little later we obtained for him a post at a school as a teacher of languages, but here I am afraid he was looked at askance because he belonged to us and therefore (it was inferred) he was a reformed reprobate.

To maintain his position he had to appear out of uniform, and this, I heard, proved the beginning of his undoing. Not long afterwards he got into trouble again. A young woman was involved, and I advised him to leave the country.

At Devil's Isle

He went to France, where he fell into still more evil ways. When next I heard from him he had been arrested and was about to leave for Devil's Isle, having been sentenced to a very long term of imprisonment.

Some may consider this a proof that his conversion was a mere transient emotion. Yet this was not so. Here is a passage from a letter I received from him on the eve of his departure for the convict settlement:

"It is all a very bitter experience, but I trust I shall never forget the great lesson it teaches—to wit, that in the very inception of a sinful act there already is the hidden germ of what, slowly perhaps but surely, will develop into its direct retribution.

"What indeed are all penal codes and sentences and human penalties compared to the one God has suffered me to inflict upon myself and which to all appearances I must endure till my dying hour!

"But peace my heart if thou art faint; thank God He is mighty and there are reserves of strength in His love, ay, even for thee."

His subsequent experiences show that the divine spark which had been kindled by the ploughman preacher was never extinguished. Brown had seen the Light, and this made the long years of his ordeal on Devil's Isle just bearable and to some extent productive.

Instead of moping, or railing impotently against his fate, he plied his craft, making butterfly ornaments, which he sold for small sums, and exporting butterflies to England and Germany. And every day he spent much of his time observing the conditions of his fellow convicts and devising schemes for bettering their lot.

At the end of twenty years his exemplary conduct earned him a period of furlough. He came back to visit England and France, and reported to us his observations and suggestions.

Prodigal's return

The upshot of this was that a Salvation Army commission was sent out to Devil's Isle and representations were made to the French Government, which have since resulted in material improvements in the conditions on the island.

At the end of six months he returned to Devil's Isle, where he soon afterwards died.

INSECT VISITORS

Why let uninvited guests spoil your summer?

Have your ankles swelled under the caress of the hungry midges this season? Has the mosquito left his visiting-card in the shape of an itching lump? Has a wasp taken his uncomfortable seat?

People have various methods for trying to deal with these pests, but there is no doubt of this, that those who once use Milton for insect bites never go back to any other treatment. They prove for themselves that Milton—the ordinary, everyday Milton—is the quickest and most soothing healer of all bites and stings that it is possible to use. Its actual effect is to neutralise the poisons which cause the pain and irritation. Milton takes the swelling down—or, if you use it quick enough, prevents it forming at all.

Milton does these things, and, better still, it destroys all risk of the poisonous inflammation spreading dangerously, just because it *is* such a powerful disinfectant. And yet it is completely harmless. Dab Milton on the sting, bite or scratch, in full strength, and as often as you like, it can do nothing but good. It is very good advice to slip a bottle of Milton into the picnic basket and to keep one handy in the tennis club pavilion. A lot of people get badly bitten while watching a game.

Here, then, is a valuable use for Milton that may not have occurred to you, but do you know that this famous fluid has 153 other uses? They are all described in the new and cleverly-indexed booklet that is given with every bottle of Milton. You will find "Bites and Stings" under "Use No. 26."

DOCTORS ADVISE ... ORANGE JUICE

Golden Shred . . . is orange juice and sugar

That's why your childs Bread needs

'Golden Shred'

The ORANGE Juice Marmalade

The Innocent Young Man, and . . .

"FOX was pointing a revolver straight at him. 'Put your hands up!' shouted the watchman. 'And quick'"..

by A. E. Coppard

LESTER COOLING, the petty cashier at Ponting's Pill Factory, was short in his balance again. Not much, about 25s. all told, but it was not the first time, or even the second, this had occurred. On the last occasion the boss, a tall, thin man, with piercing dark eyes and very white cuffs, had stormed at him dreadfully.

"If you can't look after a small sum like £10 without losing half of it from day to day you're not fit for your job. How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight, sir."

"Twenty-eight, and you're married? Well, I can't help that. I *will* not have any more of this shortage in your cash. It has got to stop, see?"

"But, sir," explained Cooling, "I'm certain somebody is stealing it."

"Who the devil *could* steal it? And who *would* steal it? Who do you suspect?"

COOLING didn't know.

"Of course not. Don't go making these vague accusations until you've got some proof. It's nonsense and utter carelessness, that's what's the matter, Cooling. You hand out the money to someone or other and you don't make a note of it; you forget all about it."

"No, sir," said Cooling firmly.

"You lock it up in the safe at night?"

"Well, no, sir. I can't, sir. Mr. Burns, the head clerk, keeps the key of the safe, and he always leaves before me. I have to wait for all sorts of things—the men want 'subs,' or the carters come in for cash, and sometimes the travellers, and things like that.

"I have to keep the cashbox in my desk, but, of course, I always lock that up."

"You don't go betting, or anything of the sort, do you, Cooling?"

"Oh no, sir."

"Well, don't. But understand this now, I warn you, it is not to happen again. I'm sick of it."

So that night Cooling thought he would walk along some time after ten o'clock and have a talk with Fox, the night watchman, about it. And he told Fox, and asked him if he had ever noticed anybody hanging around the offices after hours. Could he suggest anything?

Fox was a tall, rawboned, laconic man, who did not care very much for clerks anyway, especially when they were rather good-looking, as Cooling was.

The only people he was civil to were the foremen and the girls who rolled up the pills; whenever he met *them* he was quite affable. But still, he gave Lester his attention while he explained, and at the close he summed up:

"Of course, I keep my eye on the offices; it's what I'm here for. If I had noticed anything wrong I'd have reported it; it's what I'm paid to do.

"I EXPECT you've made a mistake, added it up wrong or something, and if it ain't that you can take your oath it's not at night anything's done. If it was done at night they wouldn't take a few shillings, they would take the lot, wouldn't they?"

Cooling was much impressed by the strong common-sense of this deduction. He knew his own honesty, and it confirmed his opinion that the thieving took place during the daytime, in spite of Mr. Ponting's incredulity, so he resolved to set a trap for the miscreant. Which he did.

But no matter how he contrived it, the peculations continued, and at last the boss discovered that the cash was short again.

Unluckily, Mr. Ponting was in a very bad temper that day (he often was!) and he sacked Cooling on the spot, as if he had been a mere fatheaded labourer; paid him two weeks' salary and packed him off at a minute's notice.

Cooling went home in a sort of tearful rage, but he fumed at his wife Agnes, who wept because she was perfectly certain he had "been up to something" and would not be able to get another job and they were ruined.

Well, that wasn't helpful, though it was partly true. It is astonishing how unpleasant truth generally is!

The only recommendation he was likely to get from Ponting's Pills was the character of a cashier who had been sacked at a moment's notice because his cash was always short. Nice treatment, that, for a man who had served them loyally for over seven years! Victimisation! and Agnes howling her eyes out and blaming *him!*

Lester Cooling was, to say the least, as honest as the day—and yet, he was not *quite* innocent. Lying in bed that night, he suddenly remembered.

At the office, in a cupboard used for storing old derelict documents and the odd truck and lumber of a business house, he had carefully hidden a bundle of his own private letters that it would not do for anyone else to see.

Good God, in the excitement of his sudden dismissal he had forgotten them. He kept them there for secrecy and safety, and he had left them there, left them behind in the cupboard!

Sweat began to ooze out of him, but he remembered that it was a very good hiding-place indeed, and no one would be likely to come across them; at any rate, not for a long time.

That thought calmed him a little, but he knew he dared not leave those letters to such chances; he would have to get them, and quickly too.

They were love-letters from a girl, and she wasn't his wife either—in fact, she was the wife of one of the foremen at the works, a beast of a fellow named Backhouse.

What *would* Cherry say? What a mess-up! They were grand letters—Cherry was a wonder—but he had been a fool to keep them. If Agnes got to hear of them she would raise hell, and if Cherry's husband got hold of them there'd be, well, there'd be murder!

Oh, he would *have* to get them. He'd run along to the office to-morrow and say he had forgotten some of his personal belongings.

Next day he met George Malpas, one of his fellow-clerks, the most decent of the lot, and to his astonishment and indignation George passed him by without stopping, without a word, as though Lester had been a thief. Absolutely!

There was no doubt about it, and it unnerved Lester completely. So that was what they thought about him.

Well, but, still, he'd have to go and face them; he had got to retrieve those letters somehow; but he put off the ordeal.

He had not heard from Cherry yet—he guessed she knew the why and wherefore of his dismissal—but he could not bear to face her until he had dealt with that shocking danger hanging over both their heads.

LORD, but she'd laugh when he told her, afterwards! And soon a bright alternative struck him, one by which he could avoid the sneering eyes of the other clerks; they might even refuse to let him enter the place.

Instead of that, he could just simply go along after ten at night and get Fox, the watchman, to let him in when the place was empty. He was a surly devil, but he wasn't a bad sort really, and he couldn't refuse a simple request like that.

So, late at night, Cooling slipped off to the factory. It lay in a rather out-of-the-way corner near a canal, and at the best of times was not a cheerful-looking place. But that night it seemed as gloomy as a prison with its lofty, dark façade and its iron gates under a black archway.

Quite close was the office, with a dim gleam through the fanlight over the door. He rapped on the door and waited, but there was no reply, so he tried the handle. The door yielded, and he peeped into the well-known hall with its staircase and clock.

On the left was a door leading into the enquiry office, and that was where Fox made his quarters for the night. Cooling entered the enquiry office, but Fox was not there. The electric light

The WATCHMAN

. . And so, just like those silly asses on the pictures, Cooling held his hands up over his head"

was on, and a fire burned comfortably, for the night was chilly.

Cooling waited nervously for some time, feeling guilty, but no one came. Where on earth was Fox? He must have gone into the works for some reason. Cooling was nervous and uneasy.

A pretty fine watchman indeed! Door open, and you could walk *in* as you liked, and walk *out* with what you liked, and no one to stop you.

It was then the silly idea jumped into Cooling's mind. An electric flash-lamp lay on the mantelpiece; Cooling picked it up, and muttering, "I can't stop here all night!" he hurried out of the room and crept quickly to his old office.

It was a long, roomy place, with half a dozen tables and desks, some cabinets and cupboards, and everything was in darkness, but with the aid of the electric torch it took Cooling only two or three minutes to secure the incriminating letters.

He shoved them into his pocket, and was closing the cupboard when he heard the front door below shut with a loud slam, and the clatter of a bolt.

Cooling was suddenly almost petrified with fright, but when he heard the steps of the watchman lumbering up the stairs he instantly crouched into hiding beside the cupboard and put out his lamp.

With a fluttering heart he heard the watchman draw near, switching on electric lights as he passed them, and then stop at the door of Cooling's office.

The light suddenly gushed on, but Cooling was well hidden. The watchman entered the room and shut the door. He was humming. The sweat grew on Cooling's forehead; he neither breathed nor stirred.

HE heard the watchman walk half a dozen steps—and then stop. There was the clicking of a key in a lock, the sound of a drawer pulled open, the rattle of a tin box, and the chink of coins.

"My God!" thought Cooling, a great light breaking on him, "he's at my table!"

With infinite caution he peeped, and there was Fox standing by Cooling's old desk with the cashbox open on the table. He was pocketing some coins.

"Got you!" yelled Cooling, springing out. "Caught you redhanded, you swine!"

The watchman shot round and saw him; with a sly movement he slid the cashbox behind him out of sight.

"What are you doing here?" he asked sternly.

"I've seen what *you're* doing here," said Cooling. "Bah! I always had my suspicions of you."

"What are you doing here?" repeated the watchman, quite unperturbed.

"What have you just put in your pocket?" sneered Cooling, moving slowly forward. "I saw you!"

"In my pocket?" said the watchman softly, and he felt in his pocket. "Just stop where you are, Mr. Cooling. Put your hands up, Mr. Cooling."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Put your hands up," repeated the watchman.

To Cooling's horror, Fox was pointing a revolver straight at him! It was just like one of those absurd situations Cooling had often seen on the films.

"What's that?" he said, backing away. "I say! Don't, Fox!"

"Put your hands up!" shouted the watchman. "And quick."

AND so, just like those silly asses on the pictures, Cooling held his hands up over his head. He had to.

"This is a revolver," Fox said, resting on the table. "How did you get here?"

"I came in the front door, just now."

"Anybody with you?"

"No, Fox. I only came to get some things belonging to me."

"Did you get permission to do so?"

"It was my own personal property," explained Cooling. "I'd forgotten to take it away."

"Have you got a permit?"

"No.'

"Oh," said the watchman, mildly. "So you sneak in at this time of night, all in the dark, without anybody's permission."

"Well, I waited, I did, Fox; but you weren't there."

"I was about," Fox replied. "Did you get what you were after?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

The clerk tried a little bravado: "That's none of your business," he said.

"No? Do *you* carry a gun?"

"Search me!" said Cooling, with a reckless attempt at irony.

"I will," said Fox. And he did. All he found was a fat bundle of letters.

"Leave them alone," said Cooling. "That's what I came for."

Fox silently transferred them to his own pocket, and then, at the revolver's point, he ushered Mr. Cooling downstairs and locked him alone in the enquiry office.

The window had iron bars, but Cooling did not trouble, he was too delighted at having caught the thief redhanded. With a pistol, too!

BUT as time passed it dawned upon him that Fox had locked him in there while he made good his escape. Damnation! And there was a telephone in the next office if he could only get at it; but the door was locked, the window was hopeless. Funny how it cooked your goose when a door was locked on you!

It was the matter of an hour before Fox came back, and when he came he brought a couple of policemen and gave Cooling in charge for breaking in and attempting to steal. He had explained it all to the police; how he had caught Cooling redhanded at the cashbox and how he had been only just in time to frustrate him.

The police inspected the unlocked desk, the cashbox and the cash—yes, that was intact, not a halfpenny short—and their examination left no doubt of a verdict. It was a clear case.

At the trial Fox gave his evidence with a modest air, very quietly and simply, and was complimented by the judge on making so smart a capture.

As for the prisoner's plea about some private letters, the judge brushed all that aside. It was obvious nonsense, a flimsy, futile pretext.

The stupefied Cooling got twelve months, and it was not long before Mr. Fox entered into communication with Mrs. Backhouse.

Next Week:

"The Story of Mrs. Harris,"
by
H. de Vere STACPOOLE

The Human Machine

FACE *Your* JOB!

IF someone were to call you a shirker, you'd probably be very annoyed. You'd no doubt point to the grind of your daily work, to the monotony of earning a living, to the fact that you have stuck to it for years, and then ask what shirking there was about that.

Well, of course, that's something—but, after all, there's the drive of hard necessity behind the earning of bread and butter; and there's no enormous merit in doing what can't be avoided.

All the same, you probably are a shirker—like most other people; for most people make one profound mistake in their outlook on life. They expect life to be easy.

Yet why should they? Life is seldom easy. It's distinctly hard for everyone, and those who don't face up to it go under.

Most people are shirkers in that they try to dodge responsibility and duties; yet we can't destroy duty and responsibility by dodging them. We can only pass them on and make someone else bear a double burden.

The only people who are any real use in the world are those who have the grit to shoulder cheerfully any responsibility that comes their way, and see the job through, even though it means lots of hard work and a good deal of sacrifice.

The true salt of the earth, and the world's real heroes, are those men and women who can take one day at a time and live it through fully, without repining for the past or worrying about the future.

It's years since I started smoking, but at last I have found a smoke with a flavour and fragrance that can be tasted and enjoyed—Mild, Mellow and Nutty Manikins.

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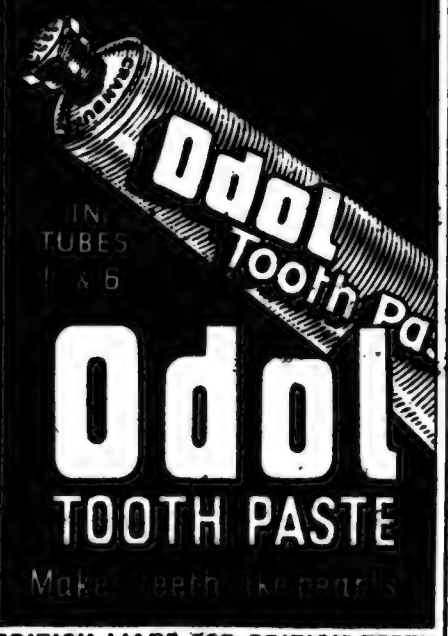

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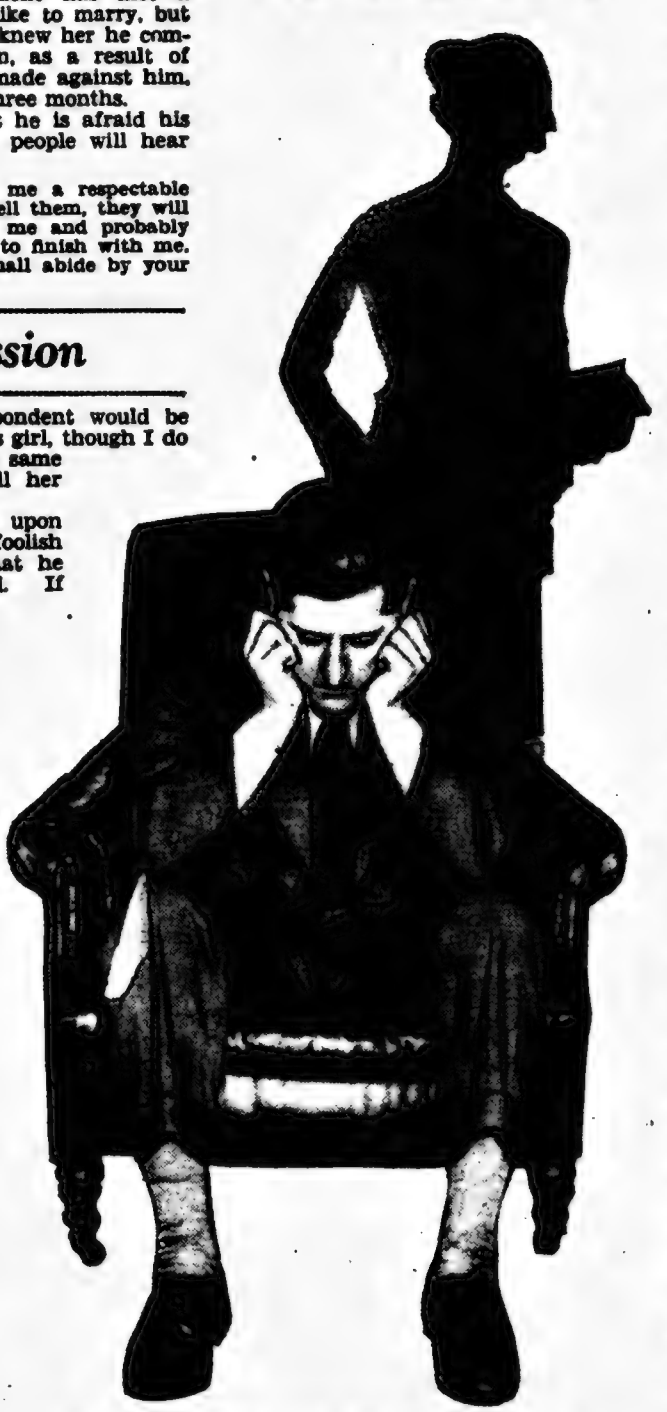

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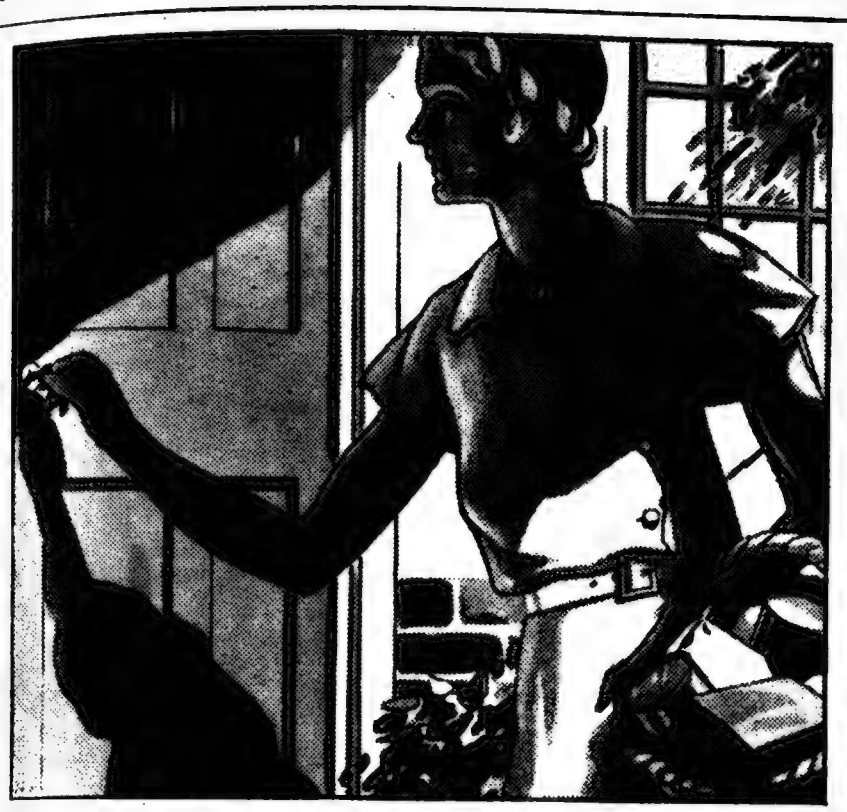

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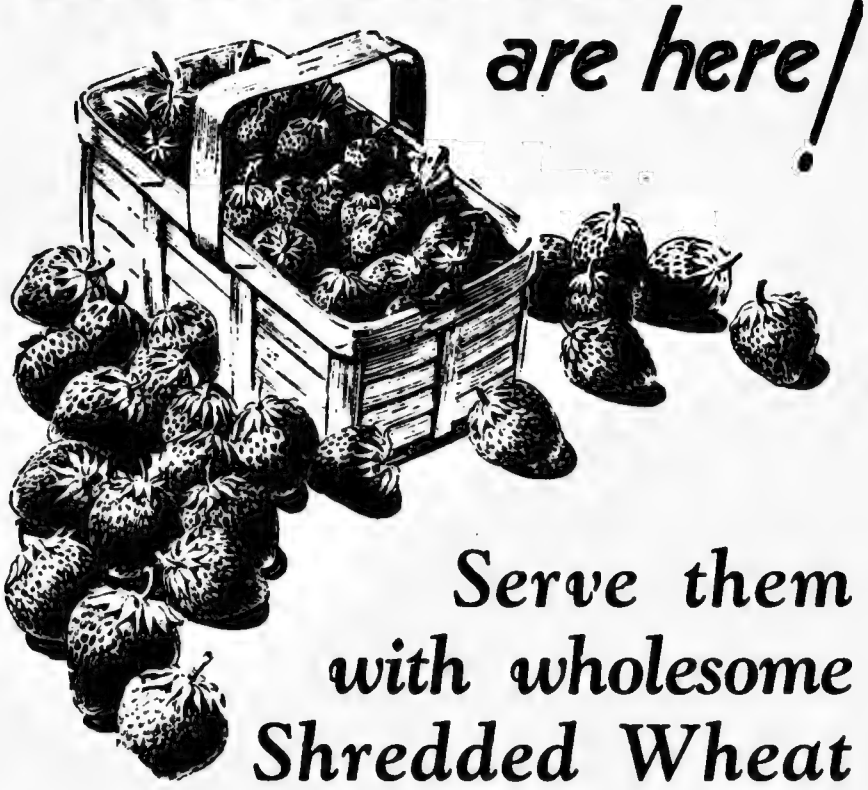

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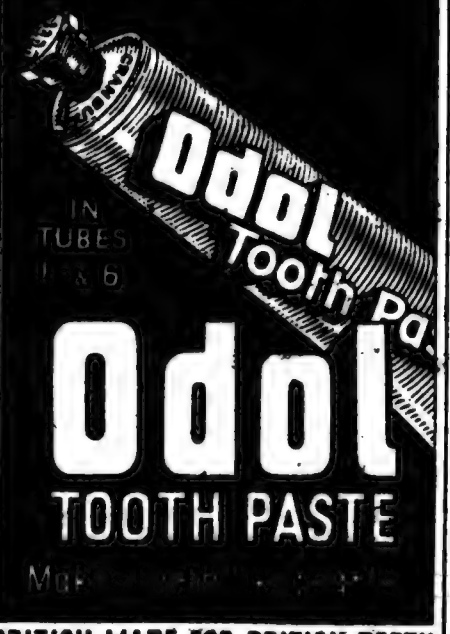

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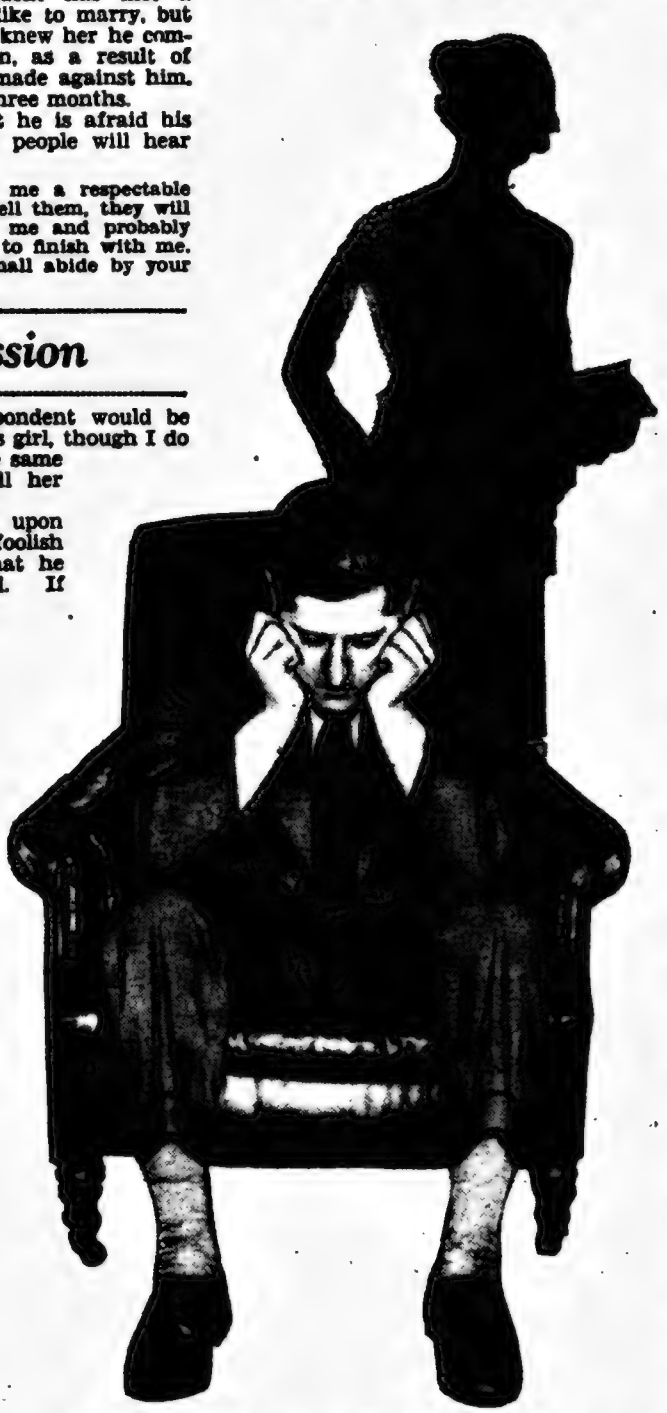

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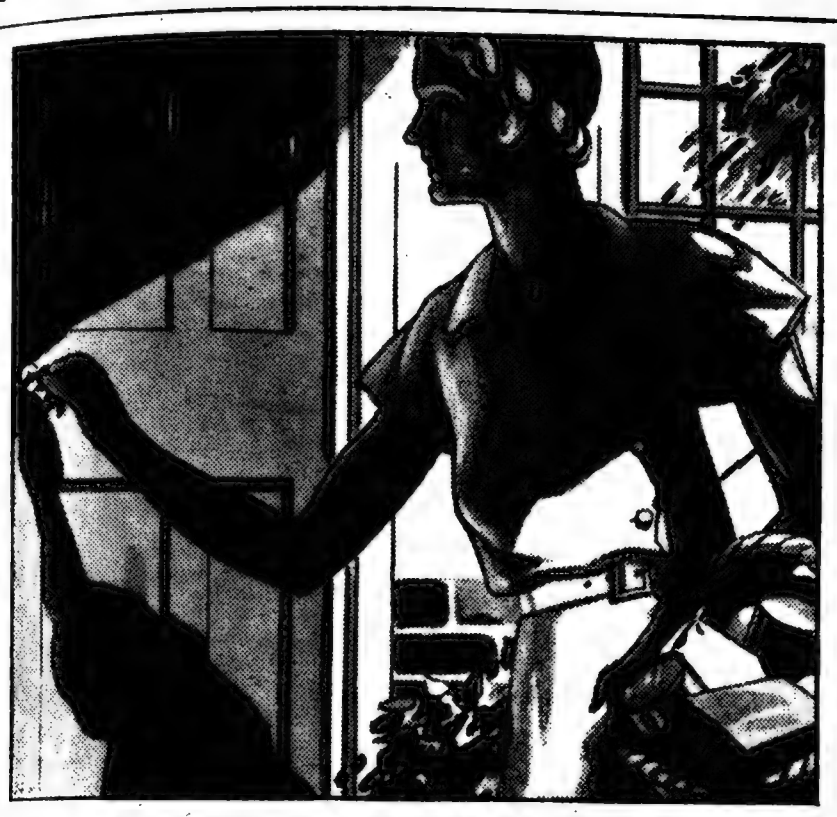
PHILIP INMAN is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist." It is his aim to solve every problem presented to him by our readers. He fully realises that his position involves him in a grave responsibility, and so his advice is given in no indifferent spirit, but in a sincere desire to help.

Write to him and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.



WARM WEATHER WON'T EXHAUST YOU

if you keep fit on the 4 Foods in 1

You take more out of yourself in summer time and eat less. Light meals without sufficient vitamins! But you can keep in fighting form all summer if you keep to your Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs. It's super-nourishing! Vitamins A *and* B! Yet it's light and it's delicious. And it costs less than haphazard mixtures. So remember, a cup of Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs, the most nourishing food you can drink.

PURE ENGLISH LIQUID MALT EXTRACT . PURE BRITISH MILK . SELECTED ENGLISH FARMHOUSE EGGS . FRY'S FAMOUS COCOA

FRY'S
MALTED MILK COCOA
WITH EGGS

7½D PER ¼ LB

DOUBLE SIZE 1/2 1 LB. SIZE 2/2

These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.

free
SAMPLE OFFER

This offer only applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

J. S. FRY & SONS, LTD., *Malted Milk Dept.*, 8, Union St., BRISTOL.
Pin your 1½d. stamp to the coupon here. Do not *stick* it on.
Please send me a large free sample tin of Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs. I have pinned 1½d. in stamps to coupon to cover cost of packing and postage. (Only one free sample to each family.) J.B.9/7/32

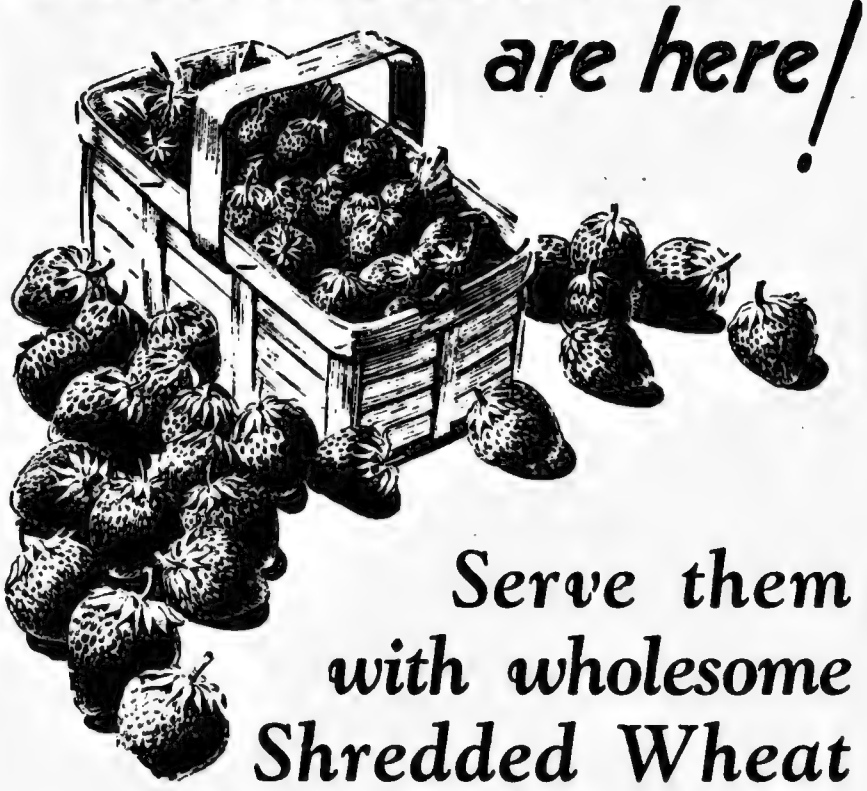
Name.....
(Please write all words in BLOCK LETTERS)

Address.....

Town..... County.....
IMPORTANT. *Put in a* SEALED *envelope using a* 1½d. *stamp.*

M.M.198. 29632

Strawberries *are here!*



Serve them with wholesome Shredded Wheat

IN the realm of fruits the strawberry is king, though his reign is short. Make the most of this precious boon of summer-time. Serve strawberries often with Shredded Wheat—the ideal whole wheat food. Shredded Wheat and strawberries go marvellously together. The luscious juices of the sun-ripened fruit combine perfectly with the crisp shreds of Shredded Wheat, forming the ideal summer meal, healthful and nourishing.

With milk, custard or cream added there is no finer or more delicious dish obtainable—and at such a modest cost. With strawberries or other fruits or simply served with milk, Shredded Wheat provides the nourishment you need as much in Summer as at any time, to maintain health and vitality.

Always keep a good supply of this favourite food by you and you will have the means at hand to provide nutritious and economical meals on the instant and without cooking. Whichever way you serve Shredded Wheat you will like it more the more you have, and the more you have the better for you.

When on holidays remember that Hotels, Restaurants, and Boarding Houses serve Shredded Wheat on request.

SHREDDED WHEAT

and summer fruits for breakfast lunch or supper.

Made in England from Empire Wheat only by,
THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD.
WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.

Whiteleys Sale

OPPORTUNITY TO CYCLISTS!

★3 MONTHLY PAYMENTS FREE!

Our "KILDARE"

Chromium Plated Roadster

(Model 1) and Light Roadster (Model 4) with sloping top tube.

List Price £3.17.6

ALL ACCESSORIES INCLUDED.

SALE PRICE **63/-**

15 **USUAL TERMS** MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF **6/-**

SALE TERMS

12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF **6/-**

Carriage Paid in England and Wales.

All British—Full Guarantee.

WELDLESS Steel Frame
DUNLOP Reinforced Roadster Tyres
DUNLOP Rims
DUNLOP Waterproof Saddle
VILLIERS Freewheel
BAYLISS-WILEY Hubs
WILLIAMS Chain Wheel

Write for Special Sale List Sent Post Free.

THIS OFFER IS AVAILABLE DURING THE SALE ONLY. ON AUGUST 1st THE PRICE WILL REVERT TO £3 17 6.

Wm. Whiteley, Ltd., Queen's Road & Westbourne Grove, London, W.2. 'Phone: Park 1234

Face Powder Facts.

SCIENTIST TELLS OF AMAZING NEW RECIPE

Extraordinary laboratory tests made with a new face powder formula have definitely proved that any woman can now obtain a beautiful, youthful complexion and entirely banish shiny nose, blotches and the worst complexion defects.

The ingredient which makes this remarkable difference is called mousse of cream. It makes the powder stay on all day long even in windy or rainy weather, and in spite of perspiration while dancing or playing games.

The entire world's rights to this amazing new formula have been acquired by Tokalon. Mousse of Cream is now scientifically blended in exactly the right proportions by a patented process with the finest air-floated powder in Poudre Tokalon. Try a box of Poudre Tokalon, the only Mousse of Cream face powder to-day. The immediate and tremendous improvement in your appearance will be the admiration and envy of your friends. Only 1/- a box.

A Girl's "Greatest Hour"

A memory of her "greatest hour"—Miss Gregory poses in the "John Bull" composing room

NOT A LOVE AFFAIR *but a* Work Affair!

CAN I, at the age of twenty-three, without being thought presumptuous, talk of the hour I would like to live over again?

Assuming that my life will last as long as the average, and since so little of it has already passed, there must be so much still to experience—and who knows what hours of elation and joy to be lived through?

Yet I doubt very much if I ever shall live through another hour that would bring with it the same intense thrill of triumph as the hour in which I actually printed the first copy of my paper with my own hands.

That was two years ago, and even now—I am holiday-making in London—it seems, when I look back upon it, that I took part in a miracle.

Through all the months of planning and the last three weeks of a desperate struggle with tools and machines I did not properly know how to handle, it did not seem possible that I could actually bring the paper to life.

When the first sheet was pulled from the press I gazed at it as though it were a miracle—as though it never could be true that I had done it.

The whole town, it seemed to me, had turned out to watch this mad girl from the south print their newspaper for them.

I was grateful for their friendly interest, and still more so to "Old Bill," who had come to my aid in a moment of despair the day before, when I could not find out how to lock the "formes" (which held all the loose type together) before putting them into the press.

"Old Bill" had known the last proprietor, and had spent many an hour watching him at work. As they "yarned" together he had learnt many of the printer's little tricks, and these he passed on to me.

I had lost my job in Melbourne and it was then that a chance word of my uncle, uttered months before and half in jest, set me thinking. He was a clergyman in the Queensland mining district, and mentioning one day the old newspaper plant which had been abandoned in Croydon, he said: "You're an ambitious young journalist. Why don't you run it?"

I had laughed at the crazy notion then. But when I was 2,000 miles away in Melbourne and out of work, the idea came back.

I played with it for a day, and it grew. I put it away as madness, but back it came. It began to seem like the adventure of a lifetime.

* * *

As though impelled by something beyond my control, I went round to the post office and sent off a wire. Yes! came the answer; I could rent the plant, and for very little.

It would cost me £25 just to get there, and that was practically all the money I had. Besides, I knew nothing about printing.

However, by a great stroke of luck I managed at this critical moment to sell a set of articles to a Melbourne newspaper for £30.

With this "capital" to live on, I returned to my home town about 200 miles outside Melbourne, and spent as much time as I could in the local newspaper office.

It seemed to me then that I learnt quite a lot about setting up type. When I came to work with the neglected and dilapidated plant at Croydon I seemed to know nothing at all.

My "training" complete, I left for Queensland—terribly ignorant, terribly keen, and, if the truth must be told, terribly scared. I was setting out on a great adventure, and setting out alone.

The first taste of the rough life ahead came when I sailed from Brisbane, where I had spent three weeks canvassing for advertisements for the new paper I was going to bring out. I was the only woman passenger aboard the boat, and had to spend twelve days on this little 600-ton steamer roughing it with about twenty men till we landed at Normanton.

From there the rest of the journey to Croydon, about 120 miles, I did by car.

I had come 2,000 miles to run this paper, and I wanted to get busy. So, having got the key from a solicitor, I went to the "office." I undid the padlock and pushed open the door, and there, on the threshold, stood dumb with despair. For what an office it was!

by

Leonora J. Gregory

the Empire's loneliest editor, now on holiday in London

The place was a huge, dark shed. There were no windows, only two skylights in the roof, blocked with dust and cobwebs.

There was rubbish that must have been the accumulation of twenty years at least blocking the whole place. Old boots, old clothes, old iron, bits of machinery, lamps, papers and books by the score; tin basins and an old shower bath; broken furniture, old shovels, all caked together with dust that had blown in and then been rained on through the leaky roof!

White ants had played havoc with the woodwork. Hornets, centipedes and all sorts of insects had made their home in the *débris*, and the local fowls had been accustomed to roosting in the machinery.

How could anyone reduce this chaos to order? The people who had told me I was attempting the impossible seemed to be grinning at me then!

For a week I slaved from early morning until late at night clearing out the rubbish.

When the place was clear there was still no light. How could I set up type when I could not see? So I had a few sheets of iron knocked out of one wall, wire netting stretched across the gap to keep out uninvited guests, and at last I was ready to begin my real work.

Now my difficulties really began. For two whole weeks I struggled with type so horribly mixed that more than half the time was spent in finding what I wanted.

When the advertisements were finished and I came to the "news" there was no time to write anything before I set it up in type. I had to compose a sentence in my head and then set it straight into type.

By now I was beginning work before breakfast and carrying on till long after dark. At night I addressed wrappers by the light of a kerosene lamp.

Then the great hour approached. The formes, after hours of despair and with the help of my friend "Old Bill," were finally locked and put into the press. Trembling with excitement I inked the "table." Clank . . . clank . . . the machine started! Stickily the ancient rollers ran between ink and type.

"Right! Shove it through," I said to "Old Bill," and, scarcely breathing, I pushed the cylinder into gear while he fed the trial sheet. Through it came. I seized it. A black, perfect print! Oh! It was unbelievable. My paper had come out.

That moment and the hour that followed went by in an ecstatic dream. Clank . . . clank . . . the old machine did its work well. I fed sheet after sheet, all the time dazed by the tremendous sense of achievement.

* * *

The news that the paper was really out spread quickly through the town, and people hurried up to see for themselves. Willing hands folded the sheets as they were dry.

Sixpences rained on the table—everybody was so anxious to have a copy of the first issue of Croydon's new paper. Everyone in the town bought at least one paper that day, some took two or three. Hundreds had to be wrapped and stamped to mail away.

The postmaster kept the mail bags open for me three hours after the scheduled time for their departure.

Then, at last, a dazed newspaper woman staggered home to bed. And as I stumbled along every now and then I peeped at my first newspaper—just to reassure myself that it wasn't all a dream.

B·D·V 'MAC'

125 COUPONS

Every standard by which cigarette gifts can be judged shot to pieces.

Ladies' or Gents' Lightweight Waterproof made to a carefully chosen specification (not to a cut price), fashionably cut, well tailored and perfectly finished.

125 B.D.V COUPONS

GIFT NO. N398. ***Gents' Lightweight Waterproof*** in finest lightweight fawn material. Choice of models — Double Breasted with belt or Single Breasted with Prussian collar and without belt.
All sizes from 34" chest to 44", increasing 2" a size.

125 COUPONS

GIFT NO. E159. ***Ladies' Lightweight Waterproof.*** A smart coat of finest proofed Indiana. Full-cut pockets and storm cuffs.
Choice of colours: Fawn, Blue, Green, Dark Mauve, Dark Rose, Putty.
All sizes 36" length to 48", increasing 2" a size. Complete range of sizes and colours in stock in London.

125 COUPONS

10 FREE COUPONS

If you fill in and enclose this voucher with your application for the waterproof you need only send 115 coupons—counting this as 10. The B.D.V. All-British Gift Book will be sent on application.
25/9/7/32/B.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Note: Each B.D.V. Tobacco Coupon is worth 1½ cigarette coupon.
GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD., 39 COMMERCIAL ST., LONDON, E.1

smoke B D V cigarettes

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

B.D.V TOBACCO — 11½d. per oz. *with coupons*

CHANGE TO-DAY TO B. D. V. — AND GET THE GIFT YOU FANCY *FREE* !

PRICE REDUCED 25%

LUX Toilet SOAP

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

formerly 4D

Record sales reduce manufacturing costs . . . saving passed on to public

From its attractive wrapper to its thick, fragrant lather—Lux Toilet Soap is in every way luxurious . . . And it now costs *only 3d.* instead of 4d.! . . yet its quality is exactly the same as before.

This new, low price is the result of a demand so enormous that it has broken all records! Last year alone, *the world sales were more than* 270,000,000 *tablets!*

To meet this great demand Lux Toilet Soap is now made on a scale so vast that manufacturing costs have been reduced.

And the public enjoys the whole benefit of this saving! You'll now find it a bigger economy than ever to buy Lux Toilet Soap.

And it's marvellous for the complexion—9 out of every 10 film stars use it because it keeps skin so smooth, soft and youthful . . . Use it for your bath and your shampoo.

Ask your dealer for Lux Toilet Soap today. *Now 3d. a tablet.*

JEAN HARLOW (*M-G-M*) says: *"For keeping skin smooth Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."*

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT
TL. 364-312-65

Saving the SHOPKEEPER FROM THE Bilker

A CONFERENCE has just concluded in Leamington without exciting any great interest, and yet the business it conducts affects nine homes out of every ten in this country. It is known as the Annual Conference of the National Federation of Credit Traders.

Most people have heard of the Scotchman, or the Packman, or the Glad-and-sorry man. These are the ancestors of the modern credit traders, and they are proud of their ancestors.

At one time the Packman was despised and harassed in the prosecution of his work. His was a hard life. Every hand was against him. Bilkers and pikers swindled him, the law did its utmost to deny him the fruits of his labours when he tried to recover his debts.

He still kept plugging away, and let it be said, to his everlasting credit, that he was the first man to trust the working man. His business was built up on his faith that the bulk of people are honest. His livelihood depended upon the honesty of his customers.

He pioneered for the huge modern stores of to-day. There would be none of them but for the old Glad-and-sorry man. He proved that it could be done.

* * *

Three thousand of these successors were represented at Leamington, and nobody knows how much capital they represent and how much labour they employ. These men did not walk into Leamington with their packs on the end of their pack sticks. They went in cars and they were extended a civic welcome.

The smallest of them conduct a one-man business with a capitalised value of upwards of a thousand pounds. The largest of them deal in millions.

At the monthly meeting of a small branch of the Federation a short time ago was a modest and unassuming man who owned a business in which the value of the book debts alone was more than £40,000. He employed ten travellers as full-time men, and had a host of part-time agents in addition. His annual turnover was in excess of £60,000.

The capitalised value of the twelve men at that meeting was in excess of £90,000.

If we capitalise the whole of the members of this Federation on the basis of the twelve members of this branch, then the capital represented at the Leamington conference was about £22,500,000, and the bulk of that business is owned by men who started with nothing but their own personal integrity and their faith in the honesty of the masses.

Most of them have succeeded by dint of working hard and practising rigid personal economy. The turnover per year of these men cannot be less than their capital value, which means that they retail £22,500,000 worth of goods every year.

These are nearly all British goods, and they are sold to British householders.

On an average there is one collector employed for every £2,000 on the books. That gives us 11,250 men engaged directly in collecting money, in addition to shop staffs, delivery van drivers and cleaners. Then, of course, there are the people engaged in making the goods which are sold.

"His business was built up on his faith that the bulk of people are honest"

Naturally, there are many more traders outside the Federation than there are in it, many of them good and honest traders, but the aim of the Federation is to get every upright and honest trader inside its ranks for mutual protection and advancement.

There is still a lot of misunderstanding concerning credit, and the Federation is out to remove that. Membership of it indicates to all buyers that they are dealing with straightforward business men.

There is none of that hole-and-corner business of leaving unsolicited parcels on people's doorsteps and then pressing the people for money.

Its members are out to raise the status of the trade even higher than it is to-day. They are determined to drive every member of the trade who uses doubtful practices out of business.

They are out to protect the public from dishonest traders, and at the same time to eliminate those dishonest debtors who live on the rest of the community.

There are people whose one aim in life is to live at the expense of someone else—that someone else being the tradesman who supplies them with goods for which they never intend to pay.

In every large town members of the Federation have compiled what they call a Protective Register. In it are the names, addresses and occupations of all people who have bilked any other member of the Federation.

So successful is this system that smaller towns are following suit, and soon, it is hoped, it will be almost impossible for any bilker to obtain credit from any source.

One town has so perfected its system that it could almost be said to make the granting of credit fool-proof. Every bad debtor is known and listed.

Supposing a person lived in that town and wanted a suit on credit and had been so unwise as to have goods from some trader without paying for them. He walks into the shop and says he wants a suit, and an assistant asks him for his name and address while he is selecting his pattern.

His name and address is passed into the office and a 'phone call is put through. . . .

"Hello, is that P.R.? This is No. 6 speaking. I want So-and-so, of — Street."

Back comes the reply, "Bad. County court. Registered four times."

* * *

That means that four separate traders had registered the would-be customer as a bad debtor, and had been obliged to sue him in the county court for their money.

Naturally, the man he was asking for a suit on credit would intimate that he could deal with him only on a cash basis.

Fraudulent debtors would find it impossible to obtain credit from any source if the Protective Register were universally adopted.

If all the bad debtors were known there would be more credit for the decent hard-working person who wishes to avail himself of easy payment terms.

Generally speaking, working people can even now secure credit when they need it as easily as can the shopkeeper or the manufacturer. And all because the oft-reviled Packman pioneered!

"The Greatest of These"—

A "Bad Lot's" Family

WINNIE'S mother, a gentle, little woman, whose married life has been one long tragedy, did not know at the time of her marriage that her husband was a drunkard. She has had seven children, two of whom are dead. One child, aged eleven, was killed by a motor-car.

Winnie

In 1926, her husband was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for a terrible crime against his then seventeen-year-old daughter. After his release, he treated his wife more brutally than before.

Two years ago his boy, then twelve years old, on returning from school, found his father, who was due to appear at the police court, with his head in the gas-oven. He died on his way to the hospital. "His death," said the coroner, "is no loss to the community. He was a bad lot altogether."

His widow is not eligible for a pension, as her husband had not sufficient stamps on his card. She has worked hard to maintain her family, and pay up her husband's legacy of £4 arrears of rent.

Nine months ago she was obliged to give up work due to an attack of gastritis and a breakdown in health generally. She is blind in one eye as the result of his striking her.

Her two eldest children, who are away from home, are not in a position to help her. A girl of seventeen and a boy of fourteen bring in 24s. between them.

"After rent and insurances are paid, I am left with only 13s. 6d. with which to provide food and other necessities for a family of four," says their mother.

If our readers will send what they can spare to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, they will make happy an unhappy family. Acknowledgments will be sent where names and addresses are given, and a list of the current week's subscriptions sent on application.

GOLDEN SUMMER SALE

Men's & Ladies' Clothes DRY CLEANED AND TAILOR FINISHED AT HALF PRICE!

Here is a big contribution to your 1932 Holiday Economy! From July 4th, *for a limited period*, men's suits, men's and ladies' light coats, ladies' costumes, plain serge and wool dresses and 2-piece wool jumper suits, will be dry cleaned de luxe and tailor finished by Britain's greatest dry cleaners at HALF our normal prices! *This facility applies at all our branch shops and agents and to orders sent direct by post.* Orders dealt with in strict rotation. Send your suits or dresses NOW.

EXAMPLE — MEN'S SUITS

Dry Cleaned de luxe and Tailor Finished, Normal Price 6/6— SPECIAL PRICE **3/3**

Ladies' Clothes as above, also 3/3

PULLARS & THE PERTH DYE WORKS & EASTMANS

Return Postage paid on all orders sent direct to Pullars or The Perth Dye Works, Perth, or to Eastmans, Acton Vale, London, W.3

Hands Bandaged For Eight Months Healed by Cuticura

"My fingers and the palms of my hands broke out with a dry, scaly eczema which lasted for a period of eight months. My hands being in bandages during the whole of that time, I had to depend on others to do everything for me. The burning and itching seemed to be worse at night.

"My mother sent me a free sample of Cuticura Ointment. I had not washed my hands for months, as I was advised against wetting them. I began using the Cuticura Soap, with the result that between the use of the Ointment and Soap I achieved a permanent cure in less than two months." (Signed) Mrs. G. Jenkins, 26, Oxford St., Mardy, Glam., S. Wales.

Keep your skin clear by using Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for daily toilet purposes. Touch pimples and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample, each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-house Sq., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

AUTOMATIC DELIVERY

One-at-a-time: one paper releases the next in the patent ZIG-ZAG packing. Rolling with ZIG-ZAG saves 3½d. in the shilling.

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

MAKE YOUR FEET YOUNG

Banish the agonies of tender weary foot troubles with

ITSIT FOR THE FEET

Rubbed in it acts like a charm. Famous for over 20 years. Try it now.

6d. per tin.

From Chemists, Boots, Taylors, and Timothy White's Branches.

POSTCARD FOR FREE SAMPLE.

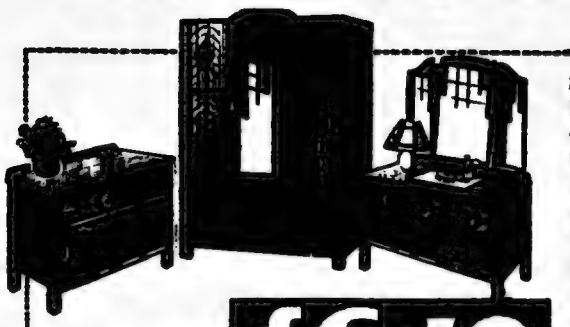
FREE SAMPLE

MARTIN, PHILLIPS & Co., Ltd., Bombay Street, London, S.E.16.

JAY'S WORLD'S LARGEST CREDIT FURNISHERS WILL SEND THIS HANDSOME GUIDE TO FURNISHING POST FREE

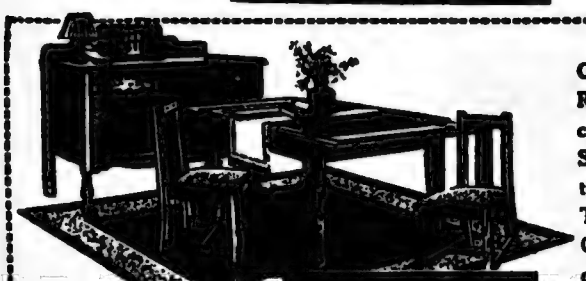
VALUE IN THIS BOOK!

SPECIAL OFFERS — **POST COUPON BELOW**



Striking **BEDROOM SUITE** with full length Wardrobe, Triple Mirror Dressing-table and useful Chest, finished in rich brown shade. A tremendous Bargain.

£6-10



OAK DINING ROOM SET, consisting of Sideboard, extending Dining Table, two Chairs, with lift-out seats.

£5-17-6

Charming **3-PIECE SUITE** in Reproduction Hide, with Seats of rich Velour. Made for comfort and hard wear.

£6-17-6

JAY'S FURNISHING STORES

JAY'S TERMS			
Worth	Monthly	Worth	Monthly
£10	6/-	£50	20/-
£20	8/-	£100	40/-

248-249-250, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1

(OXFORD ST. END.) ('PHONE: MUSEUM 2483.)

HOLLOWAY	162, Holloway Road, N.7	PADDINGTON	282, Harrow Road, W.2
345-347, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.5.		CROYDON	5, London Road
CRICKLEWOOD	140, Broadway, N.W.2	PALMERS GREEN	25, Green Lanes, N.13
STOKE NEWINGTON	80-90, High Street, N.	CLAPHAM	59, 61, 63, High Street, S.W.4
WIMBLEDON	81, Broadway, S.W.19	ELEPHANT & CASTLE	96-97, London Road
UPTON PARK	361, Green Street, E.13	WATFORD	35-37, The Parade, High Street
PADDINGTON	219, Shirland Road, W.9	WHITECHAPEL	223, Whitechapel Rd., E.1
KING'S CROSS	212, Caledonian Road, N.1	HAMMERSMITH	120, King Street, W.6
THORNTON HEATH	59, High Street	WOKING	11, The Broadway
225, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.1		CHESTER	22, Bridge Street
CHELSEA	363, Fulham Road, S.W.10	NORTHAMPTON	25, Gold Street
BOW	165, Bow Road, E.3	STOKE-ON-TRENT	44, High Street
STRATFORD	370-381, High Street, E.15	PLYMOUTH	8-9, The Octagon
		EXETER	104, Fore Street

Please send your Catalogue of Modern Furniture.

NAME .....

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She Would Have Been Married Now...

And She Never Knew Why He Changed

Thousands of girls have failed to make the marriage of their heart's desire on account of this one thing. No man wants a fiancee or wife with ugly and disfiguring growths of hair. Even a trace showing through fine silk stockings will repel and disgust a man.

To-day — in three minutes you can say goodbye forever to this distressing affliction. No need to use razors which only make the hair grow coarser and faster. No need to use nasty smelling liquids and dangerous pastes. Wenlo-White, the amazing discovery of a British scientist, dissolves the Keratin as found in the hair and hair roots, and the hair immediately falls away, leaving the skin beautifully white, soft and smooth. Wenlo-White is now contained in NEW VEET (White Colour) guaranteed 100% pure. Delightfully perfumed. Look on the label for the words NEW VEET.

WINNINGS BY RETURN

THE BIG TWO

Every Commission Acknowledged.

REPUTATION COUNTS

REPUTATION counts, especially in the sporting world. The word of a good sportsman, written or spoken, is his bond. Those who have placed commissions with "The Big Two" have proved for themselves that winnings are always sent by return of post, no matter how large the stake or how big the odds. The thirty-five years' reputation of "The Big Two" is a tradition—you never hear anyone doubt their ability or their readiness to pay, and pay promptly.

ANTE-POST Commissions received at long odds before the day of the race will be on at full market price quoted at the time of posting, in accordance with rules. No limit on single events.

LETTER COMMISSIONS accepted from 1/- to any amount in accordance with rules.

STARTING PRICE If your Commission bears a postal time stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—you will be on at full Starting Price.

Extravagant odds are optimistically offered in some quarters to tempt the unwary, and if the horses concerned come home the lucky punters find themselves unlucky. "The Big Two" give the best possible odds, and payment of winnings in full is a cert. No vexatious quibbles. In short, a correct and square deal every time.

NO AGENTS WRITE DIRECT

OUR BOOK OF RULES WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.,

227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

MY BEST AUDIENCES are— CONVICTS!

—SAYS A SINGER

I AM rather proud of the little concert party to which I belong. We have never been hissed, booed or "given the air" in any shape or form.

We sing for convicts at Saturday afternoon concerts arranged with the permission of prison governors. And convicts are always perfect gentlemen to us.

With their warders sitting on high perches round them in the prison chapel, they will clap till their hands ache. They will sob as no audiences outside prison walls ever sob. They will even laugh.

But I don't think they've got it in them to dishearten us, even if they were given permission. In fact, they make us think we are more efficient than we are. They make the best audiences I ever had.

Our programmes are always submitted in advance to the governor, of course. It is not so much a question of studying the morals of our audiences as making sure that we do not harrow them unduly. And even then, mistakes are made.

* * *

One governor decided that "Maire, My Girl," was a suitable enough song, but he reckoned without the atmosphere. I shall never forget the scene in Wormwood Scrubs when it was sung.

The hundreds of blank-faced men watched a girl picking her way slowly to the front of the platform with little interest at first, but when they saw somebody take her by the arm gently and realised she was blind, they gave a huge concerted sigh that I shall never forget.

It was a mistake to have sung to an audience of imprisoned men such words as:

"Over the dim blue hills flows a wide river;
Over the dim blue hills rests my heart ever,"

. . . with its final message that far away, out of reach, was a woman who was loved. For every man there had such a woman.

But it was even worse to have it sung by a poor blind girl who you knew had never seen the dim, blue hills and was never likely to.

Nine out of ten of the men were in tears. Some broke down completely. One bowed his head to his knees and gave way to convulsive sobbing.

* * *

And all the time I watched the face of the governor and knew that "Maire, My Girl," would never have a place in any other programme passed by him.

Yet something similar will slip through. I remember a little fragment of song called "Phillipa" breaking the heart of a man at Maidstone Jail; nobody knew why. Perhaps it was the favourite song of a woman who was waiting. Perhaps he had loved a woman named Phillipa—and killed her!

I shall never have a more rapt audience than the three first rows at Maidstone—reprieved murderers every one of them.

"Fine faces, don't you think?" a prison official said to me. "So many reprieved men have. Perhaps there must be something exceptional about them—otherwise they would have hanged."

Before me they sat with faces as kindly and benign as any I have ever seen. And behind me was the prison war memorial to ex-Maidstone men—the work of love of men who had heard the death sentence passed on themselves.

And stretching towards the back of the great chapel was a sea of attentive faces, nine out of ten of them capped with white hair, only three among them at all supercilious about our little show and they City financiers who looked as if they had only come to get out of their cells for a time.

They are the only convicts I ever saw who looked as though they would have liked to have howled us down.

To be quite candid, the long-service men of Maidstone looked more guiltless than the debtors I sang to in Brixton Prison. They had an extraordinary hunted look about them. They really did look as harassed as our cartoonists make them out to be. They seemed afraid to clap—afraid of their own shadows.

We had one man pointed out to us, a frightened little man in pince-nez who only owed his collector six pounds odd. I know I paled at the news, for I owed twice as much myself. I wondered whether he would be singing to me one day.

If the hand of a "Yard" man had fallen on my shoulder I could not have started more than when the governor, bidding me good-bye, gripped my hand and said, "I hope I shall meet you again soon."

* * *

This prison concert work is wonderfully interesting. No wonder there are many people anxious to come into prison with us by pretending to be members of our party.

One man who did, however, never wants to repeat the experience. He posed as our reserve pianist, although he could not play a note, never realising that he would sit on the platform next to a governor who would keep up a running fire of questions like: "When are *you* going to give us a tune?"

He looked like a nervous wreck when the governor seized his arm and said: "Come along, now, you must play now. The men know you are the only one who hasn't obliged and they think you have got something wonderful up your sleeve."

He saved himself from complete exposure by a master stroke. A wince of pain crossed his face. He clutched his arm like a man in agony. "It's my neuritis again," he said. "When it catches me, it paralyses my arm."

Perhaps the governor had guessed his little deception and didn't intend him to escape without a grilling.

I have found these prison governors wonderfully human men.

I will say of every one of them I have ever met that they spoke of their prisoners as men. I have heard the ring of pride come into their voice that you will detect when headmasters speak of their old boys.

And unless I have read the faces of the convicts wrongly, many of them, if not most of them, deserve it.

Race with "Silver Ring"

GOODWOOD "Goods"

COMPETITION enthusiasts have another opportunity to win a small fortune. This time, if they enter the *Daily Herald* competition, they are asked to place the first four in the Goodwood gamble, the Stewards' Cup. It costs nothing to enter.

A likely group from which JOHN BULL readers can select is Unlikely, Cockpen, Gold Bridge, Totaig, Bargany and Clustine.

Goodwood marks the half-way stage of the flat-racing season, and I hope that those who take stock are on top. I trust, too, that those who attempt to place the first four in the "Stewards'" get a better deal than backers in the "good old days."

Epirus won the first Steward's Cup. Carrying 9 st. 7 lb. he easily beat Nius and Euclid. The *Racing Calendar* gave the following paragraph to the details of the race:

"Lord March's Guava, Lord Exeter's Hellespont and the Duke of Beaufort's Perdita went to the post with the best, but did not get off. It was declared a good start."

A naïve announcement, but bad luck for backers of Perdita, the second favourite.

On another occasion the winner, Marigold, was half an hour late arriving at the post, and an hour and ten minutes were wasted at the post owing to the disobedience of several jockeys. The stewards suspended them for a day!

Lingfield and Chepstow will entertain backers this week-end. At the Surrey meeting I suggest Yellowstone and Galdennis. Taj Kasra looks "good" for the Welsh Derby.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 7, to Wednesday, July 13.

P V B X E S Z O M Y A T N G K Q

C R D H I F J U L W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

P9896SEIMB would read CANFIELD.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

FPU2C would read SCOOP.

What a FEAST!

7½d per packet
(I.F.S. Excepted.)

There's nothing like Kellogg's Corn Flakes for a quick, tasty, satisfying meal. Children love them. So do grown-ups. Crisp. Crunchy. Taste good. Are good. An added zest for poor appetites, a reward for healthy ones.

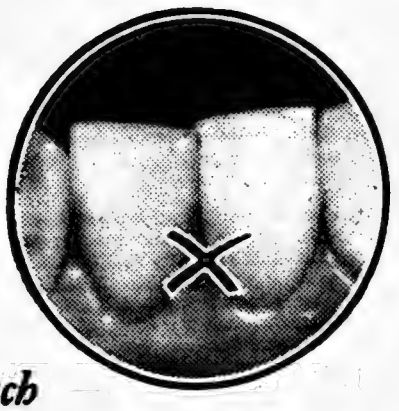
They're fine for breakfast, tea and supper. No cooking required. Serve straight from the red-and-green packet—with cold milk, cream or fruit added. Kellogg's are one of the most economical and convenient foods. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's
CORN
FLAKES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA
KELLOGG CO. *of* GREAT BRITAIN, Ltd.
Bush House, London, W.C. 2

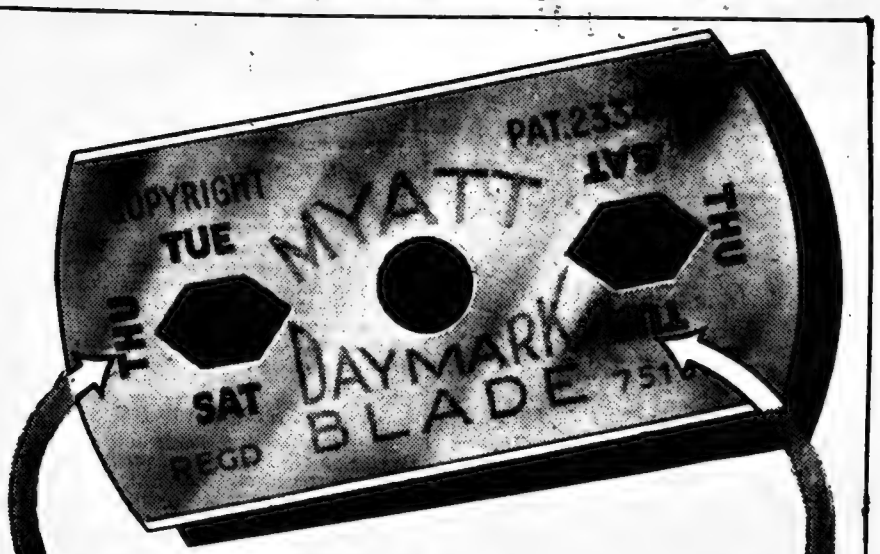
X marks the spot

that this toothpaste
cleans
and others never reach



Ask any dentist where decay usually starts. Not on the flat, easy-to-reach surfaces of front or back teeth. But in between teeth, or at the gum line where tiny, almost invisible, fissures harbour particles of food.

That many dentifrices fail to reach and to clean these vital places, cavities prove. Colgate Chemists experimented for years before perfecting a toothpaste that could cleanse hard-to-reach crevices as well as surface enamel. To-day British dentists everywhere recommend Colgate's in preference to similar preparations because of its penetrating power. "It cleans every part of each tooth thoroughly and completely." That is the only claim we make for Colgate's. Expect nothing more from your dentifrice. Accept nothing less. Colgate's comes in two sizes: large tube 1/-; medium 6d.
MADE IN ENGLAND



This is what we call the Daymark

This little exclusive feature has made Myatt Blades famous. It is so purposeful—so economical.

Every day you turn the blade over after shaving. Next day you shave with a keen rested edge. Your shave is close and clean. And it is more comfortable than you have ever known.

Regular Work and Rest make the blade last ever so much longer. The Daymark means economy.

MYATT DAYMARK BLADES

DAYMARK RAZOR SET
Complete outfit includes Heavily plated Daymark Razor, Daymark Blade & Spare Blade Box all in Leatherette Spring lid case - - **2/6 COMPLETE**
Superior models 5/-, 7/6, 10/6, 21/-, 25/-

3D EACH
5 FOR 1/3

Sole Manufacturers:
W. J. Myatt & Co., Ltd.
Birmingham

AWARDED THE EXCLUSIVE WAR OFFICE CONTRACT FOR THE SUPPLY OF RAZORS AND BLADES TO THE BRITISH ARMY FOR THE 5TH SUCCESSIVE TIME

£1,250 cash won in "John Bull's" Crossword Contest No. 170.

In the above contest, solutions containing one error were received from the following six competitors, who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £166 13s. 4d. will be sent.

E. S. Evans, 58, Glanymor Street, Briton Ferry, Glam. W. Evans, Rhosyra, Dunvant, Swansea. J. A. Hollis, 88, Abbey Grove, Abbey Wood, S.E.2. Mrs. M. Hayter, 52, Bowbourn Road, Rodworth, Nuneaton. Mrs. Richstone, 101, Middlewood Road, Sheffield. D. Thistlethwaite, 11, Holford Avenue, E. Moston, Failsworth, Lancs.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize, must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, July 19th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull." No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 55 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing two errors, and who will each receive 18s. 3d. A list can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

EXTRA £200 BONUS.—As announced, an extra Holiday Bonus of £200 will be divided between this week's prize-winners, each of whom will receive an additional payment of £3 5s. 7d.

Turn to page 23 and enter for "John Bull's" record £2-a-Week-for-Life Z-word—closing noon, Thursday, July 14!

DELIVERED FOR 8/6

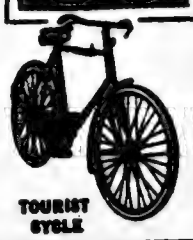
FINEST CYCLE VALUE IN ENGLAND

DELIVERED FOR 6/-

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES
DUNLOP HAMMOCK SADDLE
RENOLD CHAIN
STURMEY ARCHER 3-SPEED
GILBATH GEAR CASE
BALANCED MUDGUARD

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES
LYCETTS SADDLE
RENOLD CHAIN
CHROMIUM PLATED

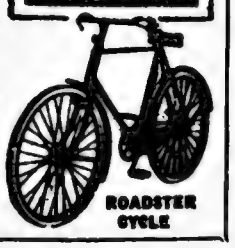
All Cycles are equipped with Pump, Toolbag, Tools, Oilcan & Reflector.
Frames, 22, 24, 26 ins.


TOURIST CYCLE

CYCLE DEPT., FIRST FLOOR.

CASH PRICE £5-10-0 or delivered for 8/6 and 14 further monthly payments of 8/6.

CASH PRICE £3-17-6 or delivered for 6/- and 14 further monthly payments of 6/-.

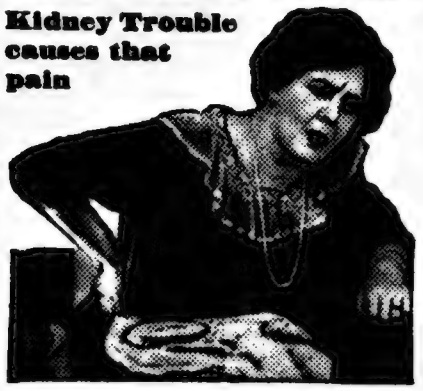

ROADSTER CYCLE

SELFRIDGE'S

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST., W.1.

BACKACHE!

Kidney Trouble causes that pain



Chronic backache, constant down-dragging, worn-out feeling, short, sharp rheumatic twinges, pains all over the body, sallow complexion, bladder trouble—you cannot afford to neglect these, Nature's definite warning. You are a victim of dangerous kidney trouble without knowing it.

We ask you to believe, not our assertions, but the statements of thousands—yes, thousands—of one-time sufferers who tell you they have quickly ended chronic suffering, sometimes lasting for years, simply by taking a course of De Witts Brand Pills. In 24 hours from the first dose you know they are starting their health work. Get a 3/- box of De Witts Brand Pills and take them regularly; you will then be able to tell of dangerous kidney trouble, chronic backache, agonising rheumatism ended and health restored.

DE WITTS

BRAND

Kidney and Bladder

PILLS

STOPS INDIGESTION WHERE IT STARTS.

It's a fine thing to get up from a hearty meal knowing that the food which you have enjoyed will be easily digested, without pain or any stomach suffering. Yet it's the easiest thing in the world to avoid indigestion or, if you are a habitual sufferer, to stop it and put the stomach into perfect health. Just a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water, or two or three tablets taken after eating, instantly neutralises the excess acids which cause the trouble, prevents fermentation, and soothes, heals and strengthens the inflamed stomach lining. 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which is sold by all chemists at 1s. 3d., is the remedy which is recommended by doctors, used in hospitals, and by thousands of one-time sufferers who have proved again and again that it is a certain reliever of all acid-caused digestive troubles.

TIZ for **TIRED FEET**

For aching, burning, tender feet there is nothing so soothing as a 'Tiz' foot-bath, which quickly tones up the tired tissues and draws out all pain, making the feet fresh, strong and healthy again. 'Tiz' is now sold in new sixpenny size containing 18 tablets.

Obtainable At All Chemists and Stores

NEW SIZE 6d

Our Letter Parliament

MY most thrilling surprise came a few years ago when I read in the *Radio Times* that a song the words of which were composed by me was to be broadcast.

Hearing the song over the ether was as nothing compared with that first joy of knowing that my simple lyric was considered good enough to be listened to by people who had never even heard of me before.—*A. L. Burke, Halifax.*

Nurse—Wife

In a foreign port, down and out, I collapsed one day on the quayside, and was taken to the British hospital. One of the nurses was particularly gentle and attentive to me, and I quickly recovered.

On leaving I went to thank her, and not knowing her name, began "Miss ——."

"My name's Isabel," she interrupted, blushingly; "don't you recognise me?"

In a flash, I did. She was my girl sweetheart of boarding-school days, and at present is "nursing" our baby.—*"All's Well," Shirley.*

From the Clouds

Strolling along a quiet, country lane, I was surprised to hear the sound of an approaching aeroplane. It passed low overhead and landed in a field a short distance away.

Hurrying along, I was in time to see the pilot, a tall, slim girl, go running towards a farmhouse.

My surprise turned to amazement when I discovered she was the famous Miss Earhart, who had just flown the Atlantic, and who was soon on her way to Londonderry to thrill the world with the announcement, "I've done it."—*G. D. B., Londonderry.*

Kindness Pays

Reading a newspaper, I saw an announcement by a firm of solicitors requesting the whereabouts of a tram-conductor, at one time employed by a certain Corporation.

Having been in the service of this Corporation, I got in touch with the firm

Later, I was thrilled to receive a £50 cheque bequeathed to me by a woman for my kindness to her as a passenger. I well remembered her as a regular passenger, always loaded with parcels.—*T. W. J., Prescot.*

Reunited

My father left his family nearly forty years ago, and we never heard anything of him. Last year an aged man entered my shop and made enquiries about a family of the same name as myself.

His questions and remarks filled my mind with suspicion, and when, in an agitated manner, I showed him an old family album, he exclaimed, "Why, you're Annie." "And you," I added, "are my father!"

Thus a woman of fifty-five had the most thrilling surprise of her life when she was reunited to the father she had not seen since she was sixteen.—*A. P., Handsworth.*

My Most THRILLING Surprise

A popular member of London's legion of street entertainers—will he ever get a chance like this? . . .

I'M a street musician. About two years ago, while performing to a kinema queue in London, the electricity in the theatre failed.

The manager called me in to entertain his patrons. What a thrill!—my first chance to have a legitimate audience. For seventy minutes I entertained a packed house.

Well rewarded financially, the biggest reward of all was the thrill of being the "star turn" for over an hour.—W. Davies, Middlesex.

Fan's Delight

I was going to Lord's to see a cricket match when a man next me in the 'bus found he had no money. I paid his fare, and we began talking.

Learning that I was a cricket "fan," he gave me his card, writing "Admit bearer to pavilion" on it, and adding after his name, "Member M.C.C."

With this bit of cardboard I obtained my most thrilling surprise—that of sitting where countless thousands would give anything to sit, and later of inspecting the interior of the home of cricket.—*W. J. Mitchell, Elgin.*

Tree Chase

I once saw a forest moving swiftly towards me! It was in the Murree Hills, India, and a mild earthquake had caused the heavily wooded slope of the hill above me to slip.

As the trees tottered and fell I ran, and just escaped being swept to death by thousands of tons of soil and timber that went crashing into the valley.—*W. L., Wimbledon.*

She Came

I had been married fifteen years and had reconciled myself to the grey outlook of a childless old age.

Then happened the most thrilling surprise of my life. A sweet baby girl brought a new and fascinating interest into existence.

To-day she is my dear companion—all the dearer because her arrival was so unexpected—and the staff of my old age.—*E. L. M., Thanet.*

Cripple Helps Cripple

Two years ago I won a prize offered by JOHN BULL. A man wrote congratulating me, loaned me books, gave me advice, infused me with ambition.

Recently, I met him for the first time. Great was my surprise to see that the man who had helped a crippled miner to make good was himself a bedridden invalid; yet in none of his weekly letters to me had he referred to his own sad disabilities.—*R. H., New Seaham.*

* * *

My first visit to the Zoo.—*R. C. L., Hammersmith.*

When my present employer said to me, after considering my application for a post, "You are my man."—*W. M., Andover.*

After believing my soldier sweetheart to have been killed in the war, and after twelve months' weary waiting, to be told he was asking for me at the door.—*E. A. P., Durham.*

When the Prince of Wales paid an unexpected visit to my tiny tenement in an East-end slum. Thanks to him, I now have much better accommodation for my family.—*Widow, London.*

I had been an errand-boy for three years, when one day my employer told me my wage was to be advanced and I was to be promoted.—*H. A., Dukinfield.*

I turned to the "Bulletin" result page and found that the £500 prize was awarded to Alfred Curtis. Alas, the address was not mine.—*Alfred Curtis, Essex.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, July 12.

The Stranger I'd Like to Meet Again—and Why

SIDE SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader, the prize is awarded to the first opened.

SCARBOROUGH EVENING NEWS:—"Further experiments are being undertaken to study the collision of a neutron with a proton and an ELECTION."

AMATEUR GARDENER:—"Double wallflowers—sturdy PANTS, 1s. doz."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"In a special tent, all to himself, was the largest live RATE in the world."

KENTISH INDEPENDENT AND KENTISH MAIL:—"He received severe cuts on his left FEET."

SHIELDS GAZETTE AND SHIPPING TELEGRAPH:—"Kirby broke into VIOLET abuse."

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES:—"He was subsequently sentenced TO LIFE for his participation in the murder."

MERTHYR EXPRESS:—"She was summoning her husband for persistent cruelty and DEVOTION."

GRIMSBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"A heavy fall of snow in Portugal has BLACKED many roads."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"Mr. ——, who is almost a NEWLYWED, having been married only SIX YEARS."

STAMFORD MERCURY:—"The electric passenger locomotives can haul trains of 300 tons three times in twenty-four hours over 137 MALES."

MID-DAY STANDARD:—"Bowden protested against the DIVISION of the referee, but the official was firm."

EAST ANGLIAN DAILY TIMES:—"The officer extricated himself from the wreckage and made his way to the nearest MOUSE."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"A BATTLE was found in the compartment."

DURHAM COUNTY NEWS:—"The Spen schoolboys had a heavy week last week, no fewer than FOUR matches being played, of which THREE were won and THREE drawn."

RED ARROW BOOK OF TRAINING:—"The Springboks this last winter had probably the very finest kind of RAINING for their Rugby matches."

GEM LIBRARY:—"'Can't you hear his FOOTPRINTS, chaps?'"

TORBAY HERALD AND EXPRESS:—"The bride's mother wore a dress of floral brown STRAW with hat to match."

The most important dog in the world

The Smiths' dog. "Just another dog" you might call it. You wouldn't stop to admire it in the street. There's really nothing remarkable about it. But it's the Smiths' dog. And therefore, as far as the Smiths are concerned, the most important dog in the world.

Even the haughtiest habitue of Cruft's receives no more careful attention than the Smiths' dog. But they don't allow their hearts to run away with their heads. They know a thing or two about dogs. They know that casual tit-bits, scraps, etc., are bad for their dog—for his teeth and digestion. He is fed, wisely and regularly, on the very foods that will do him *most* good. On Spratt's Meat-Fibrine Foods. Lucky dog—the Smiths'.

SPRATT'S PUPPY BISCUITS

100 PAGE BOOK—*FREE*. Our free illustrated book "A Guide to Dog Management" will help you give your dog the expert care and consideration he deserves. Send a postcard to:
SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., Cereal House, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3.

Gives 365 PERFECT SHAVES FROM ONE BLADE

SHARPEX will end your shaving troubles. Ensures a year's service from any double-edge blade. Nothing to break or wear.

De Luxe Model 5/-
Standard Model 2/-

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SHARPEX
RAZOR-BLADE SHARPENER

Sold at all Boots BRANCHES

Also from TIMOTHY WHITE'S, Chemists; TAYLORS, CHEMISTS; SELFRIDGES, London; HARRODS, London; BENTALL'S, Kingston; LEWIS'S of Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham; POLYTECHNIC, Glasgow; and good-class Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

If any difficulty, write direct to PIFCO LTD., High St., Manchester.

His Hair Grew Again

"My husband's head was in a terrible state," writes Mrs. Jobson. "One big bald patch on the top of his head was the size of a teacup, on which there was not a single hair. We had spent pounds on trying to get this condition different before we tried Kotalko, and that was the best investment we have ever made. The photo shows the fine head of hair my husband now has."

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Kotalko is for men's, women's and children's scalp and hair. For scurf, weak or falling hair, dry scalp and hair, and BALDNESS. You may obtain a testing box of KOTALKO by sending threepence in stamps to—
JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53 VF), London, W.1.

A COVENTRY-MADE CYCLE is the FINEST MOUNT IN THE WORLD.

Shod with DUNLOP tyres, THREE-SPEED GEAR CHROMIUM PLATED finish built by COVENTRY'S skilled engineers. Dozens of different Models including Racers & Sports.

CARRIAGE PAID
A kit, including PUMP, TOOL BAG, TOOLS, BELL, ELECTRIC LAMP CARRIER & REFLECTOR, FREE.

Write for free Lists NOW to the

DEPT. 2, COVENTRY.

FROM £3 10s CASH or TERMS

It's a wonderful snap.

—especially as the light was not too good

We hope it's fine for you this holiday, but anyway you're safe with Ensign Film. It's faster, it brings out every detail, it gives depth and lifelike tone even when the sky is rather cloudy. Ensign Film is on your side — it allows you latitude, it helps to correct any small mistakes you make because it is faster and more sensitive. Take your snaps on Ensign Film this summer and bring your holiday home with you in perfect pictures.

ENSIGN FILM

for holiday moments you'll never forget.

Ensign, Limited, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1. *ARKS*

LAST DAYS TO WIN THIS RECORD PENSION FOR "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD

ENTER BY NOON THURSDAY JULY 14th

£6 A WEEK FOR LIFE

OR £3,000 CASH

SECOND PRIZE £100

YOU still have time for one last, determined effort to win "John Bull's" staggering Pension Prize of £6 a Week for Life! A few days more and this record reward for an amusing Crossword will no longer be within your reach.

Study the Clues with care and all your cares may be banished by a telegram from Long Acre on Friday, July 22. Remember "John Bull's" Crossword prize is constantly being won outright and there is no reason why common-sense and sound reasoning should not bring you this prize of a lifetime.

For this contest only you can enter as many coupons as you wish—you can secure additional entry-forms without charge by making immediate application to John Bull" as instructed below.

But remember — time is getting short. You cannot be the winner of the finest prize in the history of Crosswords unless your entry is in by noon, Thursday, July 14.

"JOHN BULL will pay £6 a week for life or £3,000 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution and Winners will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 28th.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, July 14th.**

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and Winners in connection with this Contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, July 28th, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, Aug. 9th, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should first prize be shared £3,000 cash will be paid instead of dividing Pension.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

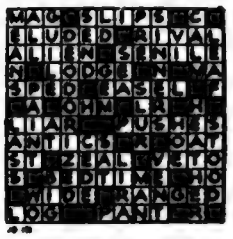
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

SEND ENTRY FEE AS BELOW

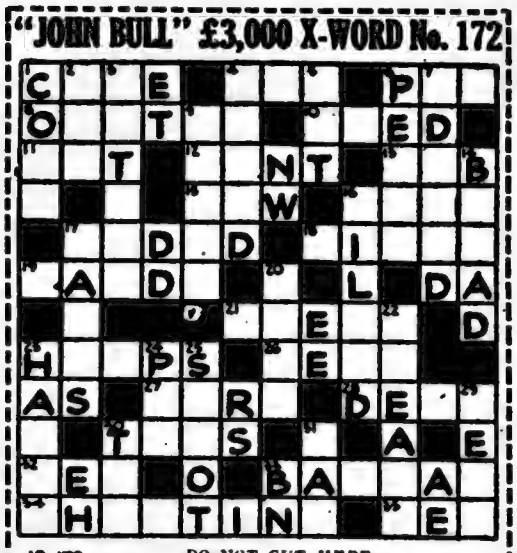
With 2 squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE
With 4 squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING
Extra entries at same rate—see Rule 1

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 171

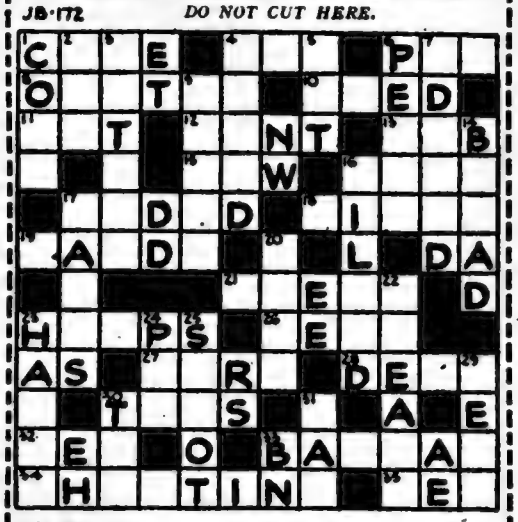


Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 171 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" £3,000 X-WORD No. 172



JB·172 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·172

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. No. .....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing THURSDAY (noon), July 14.

£1,250 X-WORD CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK
See No. 170 Result on Page 29.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Restaurant.
4. Gives colour to clothes.
6. Sometimes used when preparing meal.
8. He makes a speech.
10. Feeble invalid is usually this.
11. Allow.
12. Contraction of "gentleman."
13. Plunder.
15. Uncooked.
16. Sometimes spoils hiker's clothes.
17. Yielded.
18. Rifles are, after use.
19. Used for games.
21. Its value's increased by labour.
23. You see them in the hayfield.
26. Unpleasant look.
27. Title.
28. Often results in a hole.
30. Labels.
32. It sparkles on the grass.
33. Man who serves one.
34. Disturbs the game.
35. Hitherto.

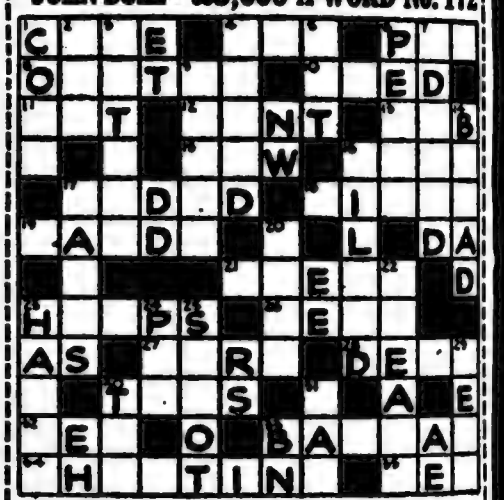
CLUES DOWN.

1. Is often caught at cricket match.
2. Part of verb "to be."
3. You gain weight on becoming this.
4. Fear.
5. You must do this to live.
6. Danger.
7. Loved intensely.
9. Monsters in fairy-tales.
14. An Irish oath.
16. Money may be this.
17. Trippers take food in them.
20. Provides record of sales.
22. Not properly awake.
23. Employed in textile factories.
24. Found in a pod.
25. Wooden shoe.
29. Campers live in one.
30. A pair.
31. Ends in the gutter.

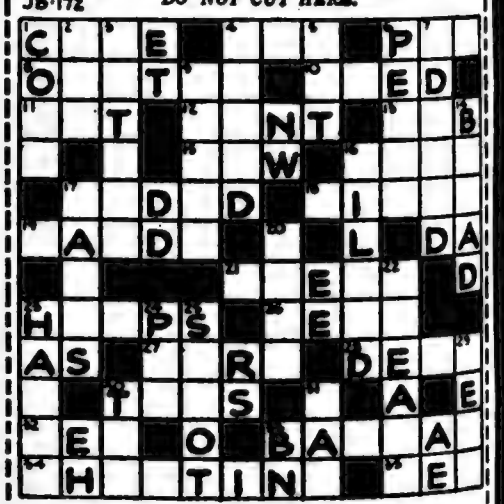
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

NOVEL BIG HOLIDAY PRIZES for NEXT WEEK'S X-WORD!

"JOHN BULL" £3,000 X-WORD No. 172



JB·172 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·172

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. No. .....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

POST EARLY AS POSSIBLE—ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:

"John Bull" Crossword No. 172,
57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

YOU MAY SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WISH

for this Pension contest. Two other entry forms appeared in last week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY postcard to "John Bull" X-word Department, stating number of additional forms required.

The EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

H. P. (Ripon).—"Age tests true worth." A point to remember when buying eggs.

R. M. (Hitchin).—"Can you guess what I sang at the party?" Yes, your praises.

MRS. H. (Bolton).—"I always pick my own friends." To pieces?

DORIS (Yarmouth).—"I am a lady's maid in town." And an heiress at the seaside?

E. N. (Repton).—"Do you remember the first letter you ever wrote?" Yes, A, at school

E. M. (Hendon).—"I am receiving flying lessons on the instalment system." So much up every week?

R. M. (Wivenhoe).—"What is your ideal spot for a summer holiday?" Where there is no delivery of letters.

H. M. (London, W.).—"I pay my income-tax with a smile." We have to pay ours with cash.

F. T. (Oundle).—"I have come from a very good family." We'll bet you are footsore.

H. K. L. (Charlton).—"I suppose there is no harm in my calling on you?" Not really—we have emergency exits.

A. G. (Glasgow).—"What is the worst experience you have ever had?" Undoubtedly the reading of your letter.

D. F. (Mill Hill).—"My wife has made a man of me." And some people say that women do not work hard.

D. B. (Hull).—"He is very rich, but he hasn't a wife or car, and he doesn't play golf." That is obviously why he is rich.

R. E. (Fulham).—"People cannot be arrested for thinking." Even if they could, you would not be in any danger.

G. P. (Lewisham).—"What makes the tired business man tired?" Whatever it is this year, it isn't business.

G. S. (Mayfair). — "What would actresses be without their clothes?" Cold.

H. V. (Ealing).—"What is the main cause of married unhappiness?" Marriage.

H. B. (Norwood).—"When does a luxury become a necessity?" As soon as you can pay the deposit.

MRS. B. (Reading).—"My little boy, aged ten, is so particular about his personal appearance." See a doctor at once.

L. V. (Woodford).—"What do you think of modern dance music?" Please send stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

D. M. (Eastbourne).—"I am enjoying a quiet holiday with my wife." Has she an attack of laryngitis?

TENOR (Brighton).—"The audience made me sing my last song five times." And did you get it right in the end?

D. M'K. (Aberdeen).—"Little Donald kept asking all day for a penny, so in the end I let him have it." Good and strong, we suppose.

S. G. (Meols).—"Did you see that one of Al Capone's gangsters has been arrested for parking his car in an unauthorised place?" Yes. We knew one would be breaking the law sooner or later.

O. H. (Dover).—"The enclosed photograph was taken a few minutes after I left a beauty parlour." How very unfortunate that they were unable to attend to you.

P. N. F. (Glasgow).—"A tobacconist is giving away a cigarette-lighter with every hundred cigarettes purchased." Another useful idea would be to give away a box of matches with each cigarette-lighter.

H. L. (Southampton).—"Numbers of Red Indian girls are taking up work in beauty parlours." Probably they carry on the ancestral tradition and specialise in scalp treatment.

M. S. (Leeds). — "To get to the top of the tree in my father's multiple store business I intend starting at the very bottom." And to work your way up through the branches?

P. M. (Totnes).—"Some people in America hold that it is wrong to attempt to produce rain by artificial means." In this country there is no such necessity, as we are provided with a natural summer every year.

B. D. (Devizes).—"Good footwork is essential in golf." Especially by caddies who fail to conceal their amusement.

N. D. (Clacton).—"My cucumber plants look a picture." In a frame?

T. B. (New York).—"The number of drunk cases in this city alone are enormous." Staggering figures.

G. F. (Hitchin).—"He called me a blinking idiot, so I told him to prove it." And did he take you to an oculist?

A. B. (Birmingham).—"'Romance often begins over a cup of tea,' says a writer." Who said that tea was a harmless drink?

J. P. (Chesterfield).—"My wife married me ten years after I asked her." Serves you right. You had plenty of time to get away.

R. E. (Bathgate).—"What is there to prevent the average listener-in switching over to Radio-Paris whenever he wants to?" The average wireless set.

L. J. K. (Totnes).—"A householder should know how to mend his roof in case of a leak." He can generally find plenty of spare slates in the coal cellar.

R. M. (Goole).—"I shall write to you just the same while I am at Brighton." Then we shall not enjoy your summer holidays.

B. C. (Kettering).—"Guess what she said when I asked her her age?" Guess.

J. H. (Winchester).—"I received £500 damages after being knocked down by a car." That put you on your feet.

MRS. D. (Nuneaton).—"My husband goes abroad for the summer as he suffers from hay-fever in this country." So you are a grass widow?

TED (Leeds).—"I recently visited an old aunt whom I had not seen for twenty years." You don't say how much money the dear old lady had suddenly come into.

H. L. (Brighton).—"It is very difficult to make the average man really angry." But you can always do so by referring to him as an average man.

G. K. (Epping).—"Mosquitoes cannot bite until they are three months old." Then those that gate-crash at our picnics must be hardy old veterans.

T. M. (Exeter).—"As a singing instructor, I have discovered that male treble voices often break with startling suddenness." We should hate to hear our milkman thus affected in the middle of a yodel.

D. M. (London).—"After a month's holiday at a small French resort everything seems to have grown bigger here." Especially your overdraft?

R. M. (Hampstead).—"There seems to be no enthusiasm in London until opening time." No, it is kept bottled up.

A. H. (London, W.).—"Is it difficult to rear a healthy young horse?" No; just wave something bright in front of one.

P. L. (Highgate).—"If I let him kiss me, that's my business." Well, how's business?

K. P. (Northampton).—"In Burma a man's wife may be seized for debt." And we always thought the Burmese were rather slow!

F. W. (Malden).—"Why do some trains have an engine at each end?" So that all passengers may sit with their backs to the engine.

MYRTLE (Buxton).—"He told me he was a conjuror, but he has since disappeared." That shows he was telling the truth.

P. C. D. (Reading).—"It was on holiday that I met my wife—and I've never been able to think of a holiday since." Think of a good *Bullet* instead. That train of thought may take you to the seaside with one of the 50 big Holiday Cheques on page 35.

BESSIE (Long Preston).—"Walking sticks seem going out of fashion." In that case, some girls we know will have to put on a lot more flesh.

R. T. (Cromer).—"Do you read much fiction at the seaside?" We sometimes have a look at the names in the visitors' book at our hotel.

G. D. (Elstree).—"Some authors are earning big incomes writing original stories for the films." The day may come when one or two of them may be used.

R. M. W. (Edinburgh).—"Only one person in a hundred makes a good bridge-partner." It has always been our luck to play with one of the other ninety-nine.

S. R. F. (St. Helens).—"The first thing a woman notices about a man is his hat." And the first thing a woman notices about another woman is her hat, furs, frock, shoes and handbag.

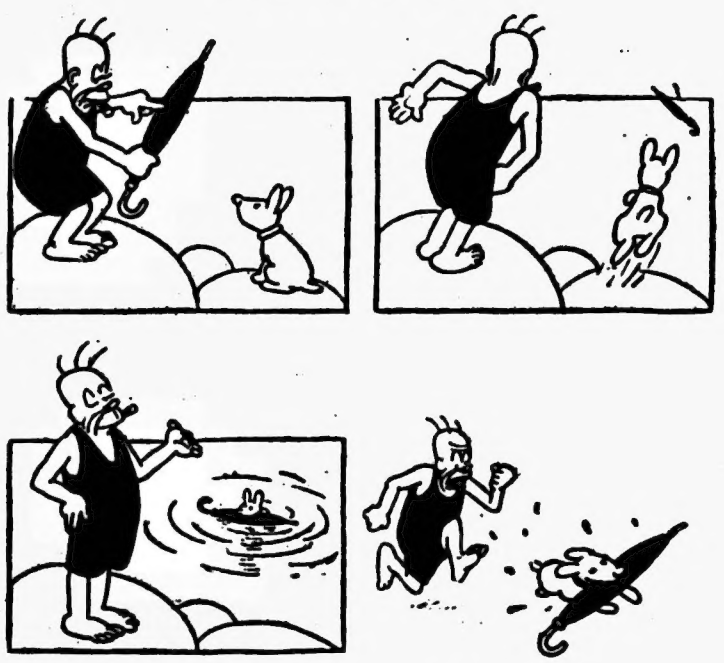
E. R. (Yarmouth).—"Some players have begun to insist upon real food and drink on the stage." Managers will no doubt get their own back by insisting upon real actors.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day!

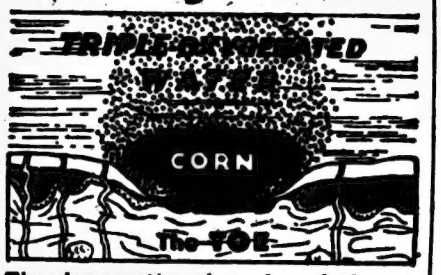
The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

ADAMSON:



The Dog Has His Way

CORNS come right out in



The above section shows how the loosening properties of a 'Reudel' foot-bath penetrate underneath a corn, immediately relieving the pressure on sensitive nerves and ultimately releasing the corn, root and all.

The remarkable ingredients of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' have a wonderful solvent action upon the dead "horny" skin composing corns and callouses and a refreshing and antiseptic effect upon live healthy skin.

If 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' is used the corns must go. Moreover if its occasional use is continued, further corns or callouses have no chance to form.

During the past fifteen years far more than a hundred million packets of this wonderful preparation have been sold, *always under an unqualified money-back guarantee.* You are the sole judge.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES
Pronounced 'ROO-DEL'

NOW TRIPLE-OXYGENATED

PACKET ENLARGED 25%
(from ½lb to 10ozs)
PRICE STILL ONLY 1/6

HOW HOSPITALS CURE STOMACH TROUBLES

FOR the last 18 months all the leading hospitals have been using what is known as the Maclean formula for all sorts of stomach troubles. Doctors everywhere have reported astonishing cures even of Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

Now you can get the original formula yourself at any chemist ready for your own use by simply asking for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Now if you know the agony of stomach trouble, wind, acid stomach, pains after eating, ulceration, you can get instant relief, free yourself from future danger, rid your life of discomfort and distress.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN," it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price, and family size 5/-. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

Big Value
5/- buys this fine watch

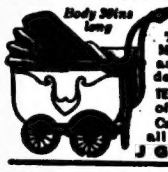
A Guaranteed Watch which is dependable, durable and low priced. A Lever movement built especially for hard wear and accuracy. Strong nickelled case and clear white dial with seconds indicator.

TWO YEARS WRITTEN GUARANTEE

Salvos "STAR" Pocket Watch

From all Salvos Agents, or if your local dealer cannot supply, post free from —
SALVOS MANUFACTURING Co. Ltd.
42, Duke Street, Bevis Marks, London, E.C.3

WONDERFUL PRAM VALUE



Coach-built Pram with Coil Springs. Ribbed Cushion Tyres. Detachable Hood. Mudguards. Chain Brake, and Storm Apron. State colour desired. Carriage Paid. 50/-

5/- NOW

TERMS: 5/- now, & 9 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Fullest Approval. Catalogue of Prams and Folding Cars, all styles. Post Free. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

I AM 50

But My Friends Say I Look only 28

"Years slipped away from my face daily"

"I am fifty years of age yet there is not a soul who takes me for a day over thirty years; in fact many say twenty-eight. It seems wonderful because only a few months ago I looked an old woman. I used Crème Tokalon Rose Skinfood with great regularity, and after two weeks I could see the years slipping away from my face daily. My friends now are astonished. When they compliment me on my youthful looks I think to myself: 'Yet I know I am older than you all!'" —Miss Margaret Buckland, Starvale House, Wylye, Wilts.

This amazing discovery which restores youth to the complexion was made by Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. He proved that lines and wrinkles are caused by a lack of biocel in the skin. After thousands of experiments, Prof. Dr. Stejskal has at last succeeded in obtaining this precious extract from carefully selected young animals.

"Biocel" is now contained in Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour, and combined with other highly nourishing ingredients. Try Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour to-day; lines and wrinkles disappear, an aged and faded skin is quickly rejuvenated. Successful results are guaranteed or money refunded.

A KITCHEN Tragedy

WATCH the busy housewife at work in her kitchen—"woman's workshop." Scrubbing, dusting, cooking, polishing, ironing. Little does she think of danger, but in performing these domestic duties she often runs grave risk, and sometimes even death takes a hand.

Mrs. Bailey, of 344, Birchfield Lane, Oldbury, near Birmingham, was cleaning the grate. Her apron brushed the fire. In a moment she was ablaze and, in spite of the heroic efforts of a neighbour, she died of her injuries. To her husband JOHN BULL has sent a cheque for £100 under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift. To this sum was added a Bonus of £10. This Bonus is added to benefits paid to readers who have been registered for three months before making the claim.

Fire — Storm — Flood — Sickness —Accident—against these and other risks JOHN BULL covers you free.

JOHN BULL PAYS £100

If you have not yet registered, do so now. A Loughborough reader, a victim of the recent floods, expresses the opinion that "All readers should register *as a solemn duty*."

Holiday Concession

Readers remain covered whilst away in Great Britain, Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. The only condition is that in case of a claim arising it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence regular delivery immediately on their return.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 9/7/32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 9/7/32

Reduce *YOUR* High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get It Now.**

(Prescription No. 1168/T). Prices: **2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,

(Dept. J.B. 32), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

PILES!

PYLITNA BRAND PILE POWDERS

To be taken with water. 5/- & 2/9 per box in U.K.

Guaranteed harmless to the system.

Pylitna Brand Powders are so effective that Injection and SURGICAL OPERATIONS are avoided.

Doctor (M.D.): "In one week piles had disappeared."
Doctor (M.D., M.S.): "Best remedy for piles."
Gentleman: "Pylitna Powders have worked wonders."
Nurse: "Both powders and tablets are most effective."
Lady: "Cured in less than a week."
Etc., etc., etc.

Pylitna Brand Powders, 5/- & 2/9. Tablets and Ointment, 5/- each in U.K.

Of chemists, or direct (postage 3d. extra) from G. S. MUMFORD & SONS (Pylitna Depot), 168 Drummond Street, London, N.W.1 (Dept. 12).

20 YEARS SUFFERING FROM INDIGESTION— *BIRLEY'S* BRINGS *RELIEF!*

If Indigestion is making your life a misery, if you cannot eat for fear of pain after meals, take heart from this message from one who had suffered for twenty years. "*I tried remedies upon remedies without relief for twenty years*," writes Mrs. E. Hitchcock, Jeffrey's Farm, Billingshurst, Sussex. "*The relief Birley's has given me is too wonderful for words. Now I can eat whatever I fancy.*"

Birley's Antacid Powder banishes acid instantly and therefore gives IMMEDIATE relief. It is tasteless and harmless and can be taken at any time and at any age.

BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER

At all Chemists, including all branches of Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, etc. If your Chemist is out of stock, we will gladly supply direct, Post Paid, and bear the charge of Postal Order and Postage of your letter. Send therefore, only 1/- for the 1/3 size, 2/9 for the 3/-, and 4/9 for the 5/-.

BIRLEY'S ANTACID LIMITED, 16, Northdown Street, King's Cross, London, N.1.

Baldness Alopecia Greyness

ARE THE ROOTS DEAD? CAN THE COLOUR BE RESTORED?

EXCELLENT RESULTS REPORTED BY JOHN BULL READERS.

Case M 1432 says:—

"I am delighted with results. Please send further treatment, P.O. enclosed. The friends I recommended are also very pleased."

A POSTCARD BRINGS VALUABLE BOOK FREE

Don't waste money experimenting.

Learn how much hair and colour can be permanently **RESTORED, SAVED AND IMPROVED** by skilled Krynol treatment and the Expert Advice of

F. W. BROMLEY, M.R.I.S., M.C.R.S.

Specialist on Hair Growth and Scalp Diseases,

12, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED.
Proprietors of "John Bull."

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London E.C.

£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3

MOST WONDERFUL CYCLE OFFER EVER MADE

The Graves 'Speed King' 3-Speed Cycle beats the World for Quality & Value, and stands comparison with any 10-Guinea Machine.

7/9 NOW

DUNLOP MAGNUM ROADSTER TYRES, WIRED EDGES.

STURMEY-ARCHER WORLD-FAMED THREE-SPEED GEAR.

DUNLOP MAGNUM CONICAL SPRING WATERPROOF SADDLE.

HANS RENOLD CHAIN

Chromium plated Rims, Handle bars, &c., Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Coach lined. (All Black, if desired) Rear Light Reflector. Tool Bag, Pump, Spanners & Oilcan. Lady's & Gent's Model, same price **£5.16.3**

Terms: Send only 7/9 with order, and 14 monthly payments of 7/9. Fullest Approval

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE POST FREE.

We have other remarkable Cycle Bargains including **Graves Single-Speed Cycle** fitted with Dunlop Roadster Tyres, Renold Chain, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, complete & Carriage Paid, Ladies' or Gent's Model **£4:10:0.** Terms: 6/ now and 6/- monthly; also **Graves 'Speed King' Club Model,** weight about 29lbs; fitted with Dunlop Sports Tyres, Renold Chain, Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle. Complete and Carriage Paid. Ladies' or Gent's **£4:17:6.** Terms: 6/6 monthly. **Graves All-Weather 3-Speed Cycle £5:7:6.** Terms: 6/6 monthly. Carriage Paid to destination. Fullest Approval.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

INCREASED HOLIDAY FIRST HEADS
£600
and £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE
IF PREFERRED ONE LUMP SUM OF £700 WILL BE PAID
50 BIG HOLIDAY CHEQUES
£50 £40 £30 £20 £19 £18 £17
£16 £15 £14 £13 £12 £11 £10
£9 £8 £7 £6 £5 30 of £2·10
ONE WEEK ONLY -ENTER BY SAT., JULY 16
SECOND HUGE INSTALMENT OF
'BULLETS'
£10,000
IN HOLIDAY CASH PRIZES
500 of 7/6
2,000 SPECIAL RED SEAL' TARGETS
8,000 'TARGETS'

FIFTY HOLIDAY PRIZES—ENTER BY JULY 16

LAST week's opening offer of JOHN BULL'S Holiday Campaign was enormous. But here is an even bigger instalment of the £10,000 cash which is to be distributed in Holiday Prizes during the next few weeks.

If you win the First Prize, not only will you have £600 in your bank at once, but JOHN BULL will add a £10 Holiday Cheque every summer as long as you live!

What is more, this magnificent First is only one of fifty fine Holiday Prizes. Run your eye along the series of substantial sums above, ranging gently down from £50 to £2 10s., and make up your mind to join JOHN BULL'S second holiday party by a determined attack on this wonderful prize-list.

A *Bullet* consists of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS added to the *Example* which form some apt and original comment and convey your meaning clearly.

For instance, if you took the *Example* HER CASE, and fitted to it the words JURY "SAT ON" LATER, you would thus complete a *Bullet*.

Before you begin we advise you to secure a flying start by studying the varied styles of the winning *Bullets* printed this week.

Then get busy with the *Examples*, make sure that your entry is in by Saturday, July 16, and you may soon be enjoying the finest holiday in your life at JOHN BULL'S expense!

£837 10s. CASH AND "BULLETS" SEASONS WON

FIRST PRIZE OF £600, COMPETITION No. 854:
Mrs. L. STAPPARD, Fern Hill, Hexham-on-Tyne.
Example:—SAYS A LOT
Bullet:—SHE "SINGS A LITTLE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. E. MACE, 77, Sefton Street, Southport.
Example:—If I Had A Car
Bullet:—If! I'm Seeking "Harness."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. G. HOTCHKIN, 13, Woodsley Avenue, Cleethorpes.
Example:—On The World's Stage
Bullet:—Make "Reconciliation" *First* "Act."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

L. G. BICKERS, 20, Lucas Avenue, Exeter.
Being British—Submitting With Good Grace.

A. BLAND, 31, Hale Road, Liverpool.
Says A Lot—Hen's Cackle—Does Yours?

Mrs. R. CROFT, c/o "Lyndhurst," Court Road, Gt. Malvern.
Deathly Silence—Broken—Little Patient's "Mouthed."

J. A. IVES, c/o Edwards, 6, Hayward Avenue, Seaton Delaval.
Being British—Ireland's Bugbear—And Salvation!

E. JACKSON, 12a, St. Leonards Road, Bournemouth.
On The World's Stage—Exhibition Of "Last Legs."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

R. J. JONES, 17, Margaret Street, Beaumaris.
Like A Flower—Bride—Like Leaf, Bridegroom.

A. NESS, 23, Lennox Avenue, Milngavie, N.B.
Our Visitors—"Ambassadors"—Treat Them "Diplomatically."

J. W. SLATER, 34, Conduit Road, Sheffield.
New Curate—Enthusiastic—But Vicar Smiled.

Mrs. WHITEMAN, 72, St. James' Road, Sutton, Surrey.
What We'd Like—"Better Times"—Hours Immaterial.

Miss M. CROWTHER-YOUNG, 9, Norwood Road, Reading.
No Fun—"Slogging"—"Life's Innings" Closing.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

P. G. ALLEN, Chestnut Cottage, Oakleigh Road, Whetstone.
In The World's Stage—"Sack" Too Often "Curtain."

R. BURNS, 41, Derby Avenue, Middlesbrough.
Unhappy Marriage—No Pal On Lap.

R. FRASER, 88, Flemington Street, Glasgow.
Family Warfare—Adjourned Till "Peacemaker" Punished!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. GALVIN, 5, Galton Street, Liverpool.
Only Survivor—Presents Royal Commission's Report.

J. V. HAMILTON, 111, Longford Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.
Only Survivor—Also "Sank"—On Knees.

J. HANDLEY, 83, Mansfield Street, London, E.
Plain Jane—Only When Britannia Talks.

G. HORSTEAD, 27, Burnhill Road, Beckenham.
At The Zoo—The Elephant's The "Lion."

H. McEVOY, 87, Stovell Avenue, Manchester.
New Curate—After Month's Good Feeding!

Miss B. WATSON, Lambs Bank, Pickering, York.
Family Warfare — "Mechanised" — Wife Threw Mangle.

E. WOOLLEY, 8, Willowcroft Road, Spondon.
Only Survivor—Oldest Inhabitant's Pet Aversion.

A list of 58 winners of "Bullets" Season Tickets with 10s. cash and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The First Prize of £600 awarded above will be augmented by £200 if the successful coupon proves to be one of two or more received from the winner in Competition No. 854.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE
FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 857

THE NEXT PROBLEM
JOB FOR A DIPLOMAT
SHE WANTED A THRILL, SO
WHEN FATHER STARTED
GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY
TWIDDLING HIS THUMBS
TO AMUSE THE CROWD
I LIKE THE SEA, BUT
EXPERIENCE TEACHES
SHOWS HE'S AMERICAN
END OF THE STORY
MISS ENGLAND
HER CASE
OFFICIALLY
MURDERS
FRUITFUL SOIL
OUR GROCER
TOUGH CUSTOMER
TASTE OF FREEDOM
LOST
THEIR HOLIDAY
ALMOST
NON-STOP VARIETY
SLEEPY VILLAGE
ONLY
PLEASED SANDY
WOULD BE USEFUL
WITHOUT WARNING
HELPLESS
MAN'S UNDOING
SNEERS
CAN'T COMPLAIN

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(857) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. July 16. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(857) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. July 16. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(857) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. July 16. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(857) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. July 16. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 857, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 857 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 853 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. Smith, 357, Abbeydale Road, Sheffield.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Another "TRIUMPH" LUXURY SALOON Free!

TWELVE WORDS AND A SINGLE 6d. PACKET OF SHARD BLADES ARE ALL YOU NEED TO ENTER THIS FASCINATING CONTEST

HOW TO WIN YOUR CAR

HERE is an opportunity to shave at less cost and at the same time win a splendid new Triumph Super Seven Luxury Four-door Saloon. This car must be won, and no claims are required.

Shard Blades are 6d. for 4. Why pay more?

To introduce these blades to a still wider public a superb Triumph car will be presented this week as the prize in a simple and fascinating contest.

All you are asked to do is to give YOUR opinion briefly of Shard Blades.

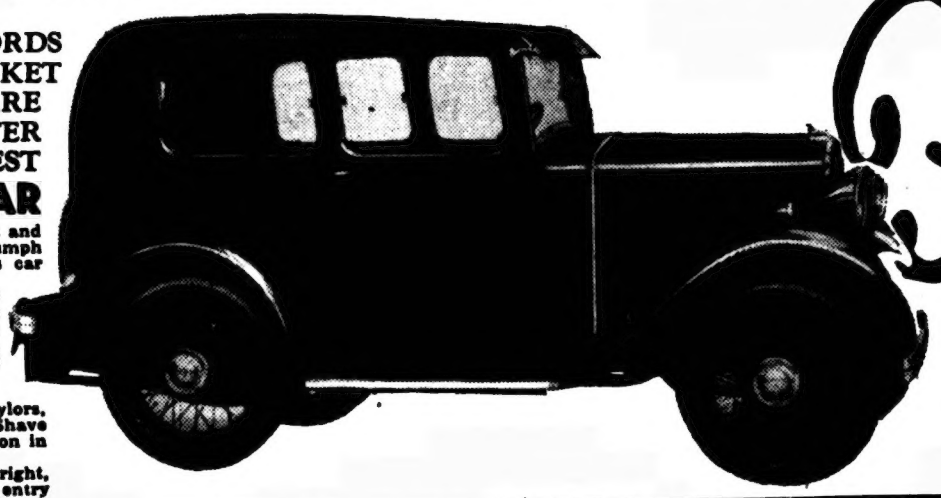
Get a packet of Shard blades from your dealer. Shard blades are sold everywhere — Boots, Taylors, Parkes, Halfords, and W. H. Smith & Sons. Shave with a Shard—and then write down your opinion in not more than twelve words.

Write your opinion on the Entry Form on the right, giving your name and address, and enclose your entry together with the front of your Shard packet. Post it to: Contest No. 2, Shard Blades, C. L. Shard & Co., Ltd., 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1. Closing date—Noon Monday, July 18th.

Send in as many entries as you like in a sealed envelope with a 1½d. stamp affixed, but each entry must be accompanied by the front of a Shard packet. Write in ink—address bold.

The prize will be awarded for the entry that is most apt and original in its reference to Shard Blades and the Contest will be adjudicated by a Committee of experts.

The winner of Contest No. 1 will be notified by post and will be announced in the "DailyHerald" on July 21.



THIS WEEK

Triumph Super Seven Coachbuilt Saloon

This superb Triumph Saloon has: 3-bearing crankshaft, vibrationless engine, Lockheed hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, rear petrol tank, four doors with no central pillars, sliding roof, dipping headlights, safety-glass windscreen, and absolutely complete equipment. **List Price £165.** Delivered free to your home in Great Britain.

Simple Quick Result Contest Must-be-Won by July 18. OPEN TO ALL

The decision of the judges is final in this competition and no correspondence can be entered into.

C. L. SHARD & CO., LTD.,
212-214, Great Portland Street,
London, W.1.
Museum 2031.

FIVE POINTS ABOUT SHARD BLADES

Sharper Edge.
Handy Packing.
All-British Make.
Remains Keen Longer.
Don't pay more—6d. for 4.

SHARD BLADES Contest No. 2

.....
(Write your 12 words here)
.....
.....
I agree to accept the judges' decision as final and legally binding.

Name.....
Address.....
.....
(Write clearly—in ink) J.B.2.

SHARD BLADES 6D for 4

£1,500 must be won—an extra £500 to the winner if he or she is a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

GREAT DAILY HERALD £2,000 FREE STEWARDS' CUP RACING CONTEST

Glorious Goodwood—The Stewards' Cup—One of the Great Races of the year. Make it a golden event that will bring you a big cash prize.
Every reader of "John Bull" can enter for the great "Daily Herald" £2,000 Stewards' Cup Racing Contest on the free entry form below. **There is nothing to pay.**

Further entry forms, each providing a free double entry, are now appearing each day in the "Daily Herald." Increase your opportunities of winning by sending in a double entry from each day's issue.
When the result of this race is announced you may find that you have won the gigantic prize which is offered in this contest.

(J.B.1) "DAILY HERALD" FREE STEWARDS' CUP £2,000
"ONE PAPER ONLY" CONTEST—NO ENTRANCE FEE

In the space below I forecast the final official winning order of the first four horses finishing in the Stewards' Cup, to be run on July 26th, 1932.

1st .....
2nd .....
3rd .....
4th .....

Complete in BLOCK LETTERS in ink.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this competition and to accept as final and legally binding the decision of the Editor of the "Daily Herald" in all matters appertaining thereto.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....
(In Block Letters)

.....

State if registered reader of the "Daily Herald." Yes or No.....

Keep your Entry Forms until close of the Contest—**then send in all together in one envelope.** Write your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS on outside of the flap of your envelope. Keep an accurate copy of your entries.

DAILY HERALD

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